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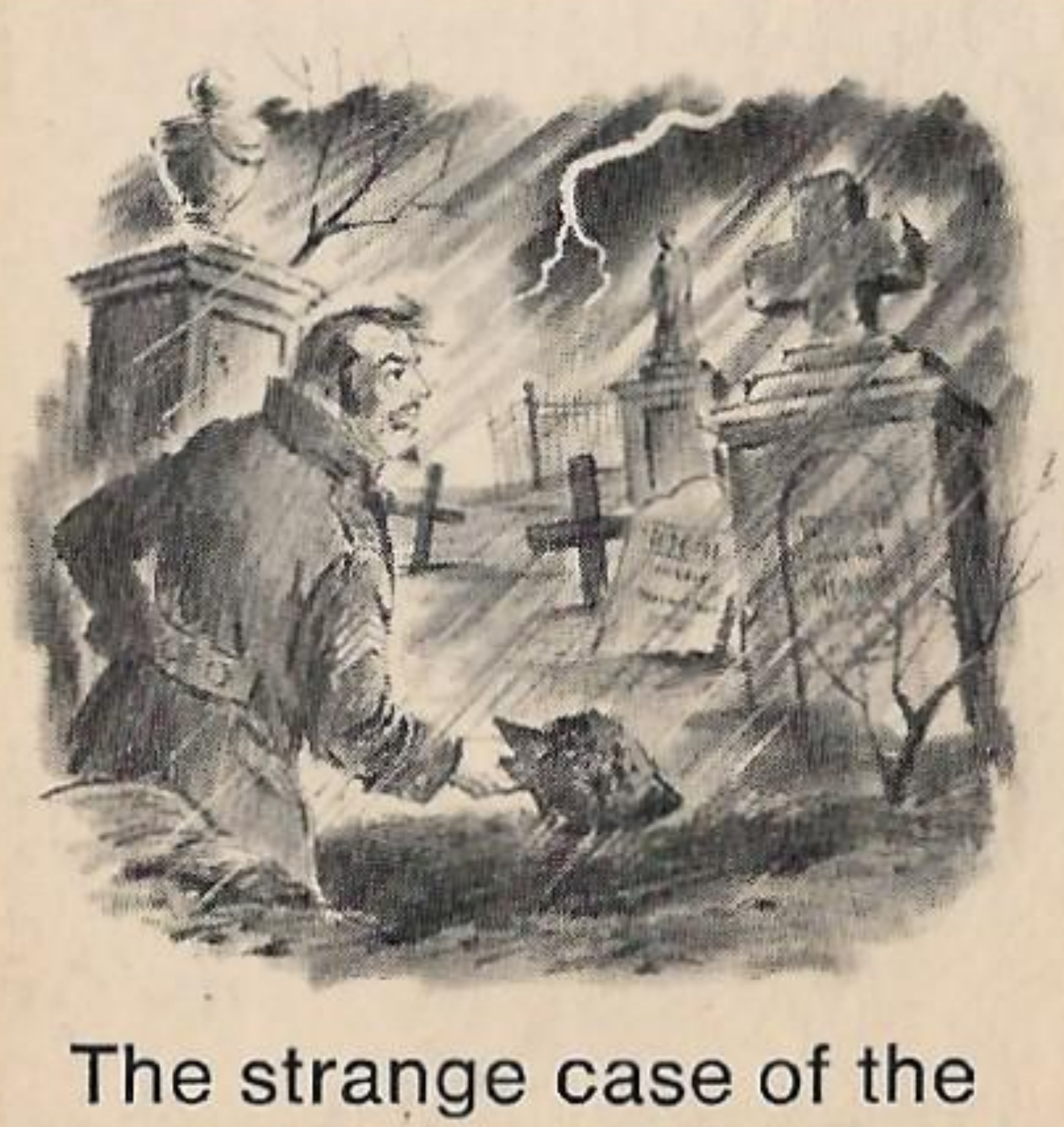
STRANGE! UNBELIEVABLE! COMPLETELY TRUE!
AMAZING EVENTS! ASTONISHING PEOPLE!

STRANGE MEN AND WOMEN

By Brad Steiger

Half-man, half-beast,
he corrupted an empire.

The woman who
lived among corpses.



The strange case of the
man who wooed the dead.

The ghastly secret
of her eternal youth.

PREPARE
TO BE AMAZED...

. . . For the men and women you will read about bear extraordinary powers; they are capable of acts many call impossible. Yet each of their stories is completely documented, 100% true.

Turn the page, and enter a world far, far beyond our own. . . .

STRANGE MEN AND WOMEN

By Brad Steiger

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The Ghoul of Paris

When they arrested Sergeant François Bertrand for the heinous crimes that had shocked Paris in 1847, his fellow soldiers were completely stunned. It seemed incomprehensible to them that the twenty-five-year-old Bertrand could be the ghoul that had profaned the sanctity of Parisian graveyards.

In the eyes of his comrades Bertrand was intelligent, lucid, handsome, and sensitive. If anything, his friends reported, Bertrand was rather delicate and unusually quiet for a professional soldier. Nevertheless, it was established beyond all doubt that François Bertrand was the tormented monster that had unearthed cadavers from their coffins to give vent to his perverse craving for human flesh.

Bertrand was little help in analyzing the ghastly nature of his crimes. To his way of thinking, he had been driven by forces beyond his control. There had been nothing else that he might do other than to obey the terrible compulsion which bid him dig up the newly dead and tear at their flesh with his sword, his bare hands, and his teeth.

When the madness seized him, Bertrand was beset by a rapid beating of his heart, a terrible trembling of his body, and a violent headache. As soon as he could slip out of the barracks, he would make his way to a cemetery where he would dig at the unsettled soil of a fresh grave. Once he had exhumed the corpse, he would strike at it again and again with his sword until he had slashed the body to shreds. Once he had accomplished this terrible deed of desecration and mutilation, he would experience a release which would immediately free him of the throbbing headache and the other physical symptoms.

Once, while walking with a fellow soldier, Bertrand sighted a fresh grave in a cemetery and immediately began to suffer the agony of his private torment. Nervously he tried to make carefree conversation with his companion, but his thoughts kept returning to the newly dug plot in the little cemetery. He knew that he must return to it that night.

Even though it was in the dead of winter and a bitter cold evening, Sergeant Bertrand's morbid compulsion would not let him rest. In order to leave the military camp without being seen Bertrand had to swim a wide ditch in which huge chunks of ice bobbed. In order to enter the cemetery he was forced to scale a high wall. But to Sergeant Bertrand, in the trancelike obsession of his private curse, the bitter cold and the physical obstacles were as nothing. When the parents of the recently buried teen-aged girl came to bring a wreath to her grave that next morning, they were horrified to discover the unspeakable violation which had been wrought upon their daughter's corpse.

Sergeant Bertrand satisfied his grisly perversion on dozens of French graves before an outraged populace demanded doubled efforts on the part of the police to apprehend the ghoul and put a stop to the desecration of their loved ones' final resting places.

When he was finally captured after a night of indulging his ghoulish passions, Sergeant Bertrand told his captors that he was at a complete loss to explain his actions. He protested that he had always been a religious person, offended by indecent talk and actions. The ghoul of Paris spent his final days in a madman's cell where he, in turn, could not offend the sanctity of the grave by his perverse actions.

The Four Year Life of a Genius

"And what shall we call him?" the proud father asked his wife as he looked upon his recently born son.

"Christian," she said without hesitation. "Christian Heineker." The babe lay quietly beside her on the child bed.

"Christian," a small voice said in the room. Startled, Mr. Heineker whirled around, wondering who would be so rude as to intrude on them. But no other person had entered the room.

"Christian," the voice came again. It sounded unlike any human voice Mr. Heineker had ever heard and seemed to come from his wife; but no, she was as amazed as he. Together the couple cast incredulous eyes at the infant, and then the word was repeated.

"Christian."

Astounded, Mr. and Mrs. Heineker waited for the word to come again, and it did. Soon it became part of a growing vocabulary, and the couple began to realize that their little son was probably the most prodigious prodigy of all time.

Born in Lübeck, Germany, in 1771, Christian Heineker was the son of rather poor parents. But his parents' financial status had no adverse effect on the child's mind. He uttered his first word only a few hours after birth and intelligible sentences only a few hours after that. By the time he had attained the ripe age of two, he was more familiar with the geography and history of his native Germany than many of his adult contemporaries.

His flair for language had not decreased. On the contrary, while his peer group drooled over "mama," he had picked up French and Latin as well as Greek, and his fluency in German was coupled with wit that made him a charming conversationalist.

His knowledge of the Bible could be compared favorably to a clergyman's and he knew lengthy passages by heart, months before he had reached the age of two.

But while Christian's rate of learning amazed everyone who knew him, his health began to fail after his fourth birthday, and though his mental capacities continued to expand, his body began to wane, not ravaged by any disease, but, perhaps, exhausted by the furious activity of his brain.

Shortly after his fourth birthday Christian predicted that he would die before he reached the age of five. His prophetic insight proved true, as the exhausted little genius did indeed die while still four years old.

Water Dowser Deluxe

"This is ridiculous," sputtered the southern California rancher to himself as he watched Jerry Smith stride easily over the parched ground, a forked stick in his hand.

"Any more ridiculous than the fifteen dry holes we've already dug?" his foreman asked without looking at him.

"No, I mean this man Smith. We've had the finest equipment money can buy, the best geological engineering firms sending their best men, and none of them have been able to find a big enough water supply. So now he thinks he's going to do it with that darned forked stick."

"He's got a pretty good record," the foreman said.

"That's what we've heard," the rancher said a little testily. "But I guess we've tried everything else—from here on the holes we drill will just be by guess, anyway."

The dowser was approaching a small clump of sage when the two men saw the tip of the stick begin to bob. Smith's arms began to shake, eventually vibrating his entire body as he strained against the stick. Smith turned away, walked about a hundred feet, then approached the spot from another direction. Once again the stick began to bob, Smith's hands going white where they gripped the fork. After approaching the spot along several other lines, the dowser looked up and grinned at the two men who were watching.

"There's water here," he said confidently as they approached.

The rancher squinted over the sunbaked landscape. "You see that spot over there?" he said, pointing at what appeared to be a small pile of graying boards no more than two hundred feet away. "That's the hole we drilled last month. It was a duster—not a drop. On the other side of the hill are two that barely pull up enough to wet your whistle. As a matter of fact, this spot is ringed by unsatisfactory wells."

"There's water here," the young dowser said intensely, pointing at the ground.

The rancher looked at him keenly. He could detect no doubt in the dowser's voice. "All right, we'll try it. But we need twenty-five hundred gallons a minute."

"You'll get it," the dowser said, grinning again.

The water seekers set to drilling and found the hole dry up to 250 feet down. They had not set their hopes too high in spite of the confidence of Jerry Smith. But at three hundred feet they hit a stream of water that backed up to within 110 feet of the surface. The rancher came to watch and shook his head in amazement as a thick stream of water began spilling from the casing. Later the output of the well was measured at 2,850 gallons a minute.

Jerome Leo Smith has perhaps the most fantastic record as a dowser of any man known. According to an article by Gaston Burridge writing in *Fate* magazine, Smith has located over 2,500 productive wells in the southwestern United States and Mexico. Smith's accomplishments vary from finding drinking water under a mountain of slate at thirty feet to finding the supply for a housing development more than a thousand feet below the surface of the earth.

How does he do it? Jerry Smith says simply that he does not know what gives him the strange ability, but there can be no doubt that he has this talent. Jerry Smith uses a rather thick forked stick—the diameter of the fork being about the size of a man's thumb. He works quickly, walking with long strides over the ground, covering a very large area in a short time. There is nothing superstitious or mysterious about his manner. When he is not out dowsing, Smith is the manager of the Barstow District of the California Electric Power Company.

"Hesperia" was written in the smallest print on all the maps of California until The Omart Investment Company decided it would be an ideal place for a housing development. The desert air of Hesperia had no smog, yet Los Angeles is but a short drive away. All that the little town needed to bloom into a desert flower was water.

The people at Omart made a very wise decision when they contacted Jerry Smith. It did not take Smith long to locate water in the middle of the company's newly purchased land. Forked stick in hand, he paced the arid ground until he was sure that he had found a big enough supply. At 610 feet Omart Investment Company's well-drilling efforts paid off, as the initial pump lowered into the casing surfaced a thousand gallons of water a minute with ease. When a bigger pump was lowered into the casing, the total capacity exceeded 2,500 gallons a minute. With the well dug and pumping, the investment company proceeded to create thirty-two million dollars worth of real estate out of the desert.

Jerry Smith does not seek out oil or gold or missing persons —only water. In West Riverside, California, he was asked to locate a drinking water supply for an office building that had been constructed half way up the side of a rocky hill. The company's first well-drilling efforts had failed and even Smith despaired at finding enough water for an insect on the side of the stony precipice. Yet after surveying the area Smith found a water channel at sixty feet, and the company's needs of two hundred gallons of water a day were met with ease as the pump surfaced a thousand gallons every twenty-four hours.

Jerry Smith does not have to defend himself before those who are skeptical of dowsers in general. All he has to do is to point to the thousands of wells he has found which surface millions of gallons of water each day.

Escape Artist of the Korean War

"Here they come!" someone yelled into the blackness of the Korean night.

The announcement was hardly necessary since war bugles and whistles had begun screeching into the GIs' ears as hordes of communist Chinese began advancing toward the United Nations' positions. Magnesium began burning in the sky, and down the hill Charlie Banger, one of the entrenched and tense men waiting for the onslaught, could see the shadowy figures gain size as they ran toward him.

Banger had been in Korea for less than three weeks, yet it seemed forever that the sounds of war had been in his ears. Mortar shells began bursting around him and the rapid barks of the machine gun across the slope bounced off his eardrums as he and his fellow GIs began pumping riflefire into the enemy. The Chicoms answered the irregular volleys and the shadows at the base of the hill were punctured by flashes from the made-in-Russia rifles.

Unknown to the GIs, Intelligence had informed Command that Allied troops were greatly outnumbered, and the orders had come for a general withdrawal from the hill. But the chain of communication had been broken near the very tip of the defenses, and all the unknowing men could do was to fire into the advancing attack.

Banger had squeezed through three clips of M-1 ammunition and had begun to yell for more as he fixed his bayonet and laid grenades on the ground next to him.

Another flare began burning in the sky and the men facing the attack had their first real look at what they were up against. A sergeant had time to yell for a withdrawal before being cut down by enemy fire, but his voice went mostly unheard in the hellish night.

Banger began heaving grenades, but he might as well have been throwing stones. For every one of the enemy who

folded, a dozen took his place. Banger had thrown two of his last grenades when he was literally smothered by six Red Chinese flying into his foxhole. They pinned his arms and snatched away his rifle while the attack moved on. Charlie Banger was a prisoner of war.

Two men were left to guard him, one of them using Banger's own rifle to force him to sit on his haunches. After getting over the shock of being captured, Banger began to notice some reassuring facts about his captors. When the UN forces began a counterattack, the Chicoms huddled in the foxhole as full of fear as any soldier in any war.

Who said they never get scared? Banger asked himself. *Hell, they're just as scared as we are.* Convinced of the mortality of the Chinese, Banger resolved to make an escape.

Banger did not have to wait long before his chance arrived. Two Third Division tanks began attempting to cover the withdrawal of the UN troops, and as the heavily armored monsters clanked up the hill the Reds had to turn their attention away from the troops to the rumbling vehicles. The Reds swarmed over the tanks, but they could not pry up the tightly sealed hatches. Meanwhile the tanks began strafing each other in order to knock off the clinging Reds with machine-gun fire.

Banger bided his time, waiting for the precise moment. It came when one of his guards made the mistake of standing. The Red had not risen to his full height before he crumpled to the ground under the machine guns of the tanks. Taking advantage of the surprise, Banger jumped the other Chinese and laid him cold on the Korean earth.

Banger moved in the direction from which the tanks had come, but he did not hear friendly American voices until after he had rubbed his knees raw and torn his issue pants to shreds.

Everyone Banger talked with called him a very lucky GI, but no one, not even Banger, could forsee what the Korean conflict had in store for the Chatham, New Jersey, soldier. Banger was destined to fall into enemy hands five times and, each time, to escape his captors and return to his own forces.

Only fifty-two hours after he had returned to UN lines Charlie Banger was in the thick of it again. Over fifteen thousand Reds had massed for an attack against the Seventh Regiment's 3,600 men. Every soldier who could wield a rifle was needed, and this included Charlie Banger, scraped knees or not.

The battle seesawed back and forth over the small ridge of entrenched positions, and Banger kept hopping back and forth between foxholes. The Reds eventually swarmed his position and once again Banger was a captive. But not for long. The UN troops were determined to retake the hill, and when artillery fire began softening the ground for the counterattack, the Reds left Banger sitting in the foxhole and ran away.

"*They* escaped," Banger explained. "Not me."

But the battle was far from over. Banger barely had breathed his sigh of relief when he had to scrounge among his dead comrades for extra clips of ammunition to fire into the enemy who were making a determined assault on his position. Like watching a third rerun on television, Banger saw his ammunition disappear until, once again, he was surrounded by the Red Chinese.

This time the Chicoms forced Banger down the side of the hill that he had been defending. At the base of the incline the Reds were spotted and pinned down by small-arms fire. In the confusion Charlie Banger crawled away. A few minutes later he fell into a foxhole manned by two riflemen and a machine-gun crew.

Charlie Banger had been in enemy hands three times in four days, and once again he had returned to friendly territory.

Two months later Charlie Banger had become a veteran in Korea. He had earned a reputation for being the man who always got away, but this had little effect on his duties as a soldier. By July of 1951 the UN forces were attacking a retreating Red Chinese army. With increased pressure the Reds parleyed for a truce, and with peace in the air the word came down for the advancing troops to stop and hold. The reasoning seemed sound to anyone not in Korea—why waste more lives if peace were just a few days away? But while UN forces enjoyed the cease-fire, the Red Chinese regrouped and began to counterattack.

On the fourth of July Charlie Banger was once again dragged down from the hill he had defended and for three hours was pushed and shoved between one Red position and another as the battle raged around them. Artillery shells began falling and Banger hugged the ground with his captors. Although Charlie had only been shaken up by the raining shells, most of his guards clutched at shrapnel wounds.

Banger did not hesitate. He was off and scrambling through the underbrush, enemy fire breaking off twigs and branches all around him. Banger dodged Reds up the hill until he was able to collapse exhaustedly into the battered trenches at the top.

Banger's last capture and subsequent escape came while he was on patrol duty. The objective of the patrol was to gather information, but the Reds seemed to know the GIs were coming. At every checkpoint they were met by enemy artillery. At the last objective a portion of Banger's squad, including Banger himself, was cut off from behind. The GI escape artist was knocked from behind by a rifle butt. This was to be Banger's longest stay in captivity.

Far away from friendly lines, an immediate escape proved impossible. During the engagement Banger had been wounded in the leg by a piece of shrapnel, so he had to add an injury to his list of encumbrances. But luck had not deserted him. The Reds forced all captives to work, and even though wounded, Charlie Banger did his share of the menial labor. Hoping to try for an escape, Banger exaggerated his limp until, at last, the Chinese sent him to the field hospital on the reverse side of the hill which the Reds were trenching.

The Reds' mistake was in sending only one guard to watch Charlie. On the steepest part of the hill Banger dropped to his knees. The guard, who had been following him closely, tumbled over the GI's back. Before the Red could recover, Banger was running and rolling down the hill, through the lines, and across the strip of no-man's-land. Only one shot was sent in his pursuit.

Charlie Banger's final scorecard read: in enemy hands five times, with four official escapes. A record in the U.S. Army.

The Doctor Who Kept Lincoln Alive

Dr. Charles A. Leale, a commissioned officer in the medical department of the United States Army, had decided to take a break in his busy schedule of April, 1865. For months he had learned that victory over the Confederacy had been bought only at a very dear price, and though the last battles had been fought many weeks before April, the wounded and dying still suffered while the nation celebrated its peace.

Dr. Leale changed to civilian clothes and hurried through the evening streets to Ford's theater to see the play *Our American Cousin*, which had been recommended to him. Remembering that President Lincoln, General Grant, and members of the cabinet were to be present at the play, Dr. Leale asked for a ticket which would give him a clear view of the box seats which the high-ranking officials would occupy. But the theater was nearly sold out and the doctor had to accept a seat under the governmental box seats.

The play absorbed Dr. Leale's attention and he soon forgot his disappointment over not being able to see the Presidential box. Then a shot rang out and every head jerked toward the sound. The figure of a man leaped from Lincoln's box. He tumbled on the stage, staggered to his feet, and hobbled off the stage, brandishing a dagger and shouting a mumbled phrase, which Dr. Leale was unable to understand.

The theater became an immediate confusion of frightened shouts and hurrying, shoving people. The cry spread from the boxes that President Lincoln had been shot. Dr. Leale was shocked out of his immobility by the cries for a surgeon.

Vaulting rows of seats and shoving past panic-stricken people, Dr. Leale finally made his way to the door of the Presidential box, where the usher allowed him admittance after he identified himself as a medical officer in the United States Army.

The first thing Dr. Leale saw after mounting the stairs was

the bloodied sleeve of Major Rathbone, who had fought the assassin, his bare hands against a dagger. Seeing that the officer was in no immediate danger, Dr. Leale left him and went to the side of the President, who was being held erect by his sobbing wife, Mary Todd Lincoln.

Dr. Leale assured Mrs. Lincoln that he would do everything that he could to prolong the President's life, then he bent to the wounded Lincoln and began the search for his wound. Dr. Leale was surprised to find the President's torso unscathed. After he had seen the knife which the assassin had brandished and the bloody wound which Major Rathbone had received, Dr. Leale had assumed that the President, too, had been the victim of a stabbing.

When he lifted the wounded man's eyelids, Dr. Leale saw immediately that the President had suffered damage to the brain. Immediately the doctor's hand groped through Lincoln's thick hair and found a section sticky with blood. Dr. Leale examined the wound in the semi darkness of the theater box, and his experience as a surgeon told him that President Lincoln had no chance to recover.

Parting the hair, Dr. Leale removed the blood clot which was forming around the wound, thereby relieving the pressure on the President's brain. Afraid that movement of the President's body would complicate the injury, Dr. Leale leaned over the man and breathed forcibly and directly into his nostrils. Immediately Lincoln's heart action improved and his breathing became more regular.

A short while later two other doctors arrived to offer Dr. Leale their assistance. Dr. Leale told them that the President's wound was mortal and that it would be impossible for him to recover. The doctors conferred and decided that Lincoln should be taken out of the theater to one of the houses across the street. The suggestion that he be moved as far as the White House was immediately rejected by Dr. Leale, since he was convinced that such a lengthy move would surely cause the President's immediate death.

After the President was resting securely in bed, the surgeons made a thorough examination of his body and found no other injury to it. The clot that formed around the wound was removed periodically, but each man knew that there was no hope for President Lincoln.

When Lincoln's personal physician arrived, Dr. Leale explained what had transpired since the President had been shot. The man approved the actions taken by Dr. Leale.

Later Surgeon General Joseph K. Barnes and Dr. Leale introduced a probe through the opening of the wound. The ball which had been discharged through the derringer had penetrated well into the President's skull and nothing could be done to remove it.

Medically nothing more could be accomplished. But while the surgeons worked diligently to keep Lincoln alive, statesmen began to take stock of the situation. With the President dying, the government would need a new head, the entire administration would undergo a change. The work of Dr. Leale had given the men time to think and plan and had prevented general panic from breaking out among the people who waited impatiently for news of Lincoln's condition.

But the inevitable could not be held off. By dawn it became apparent that the President's condition was worsening, and at 7:20 A.M. on April 15, 1865, Dr. Leale pronounced Abraham Lincoln dead. Although it had been a sorrowful conclusion to a great man's life, thanks to Dr. Leale the nation could carry on without faltering from its loss.

America's First Secret Agent

When the tall, powerfully built man walked into the store of the New Jersey town the lively conversation that had been going on around the fire stopped abruptly. All the faces in the store glared at the big man as he moved down the counter without saying another word. An uneasy silence again crept over the store.

"I hear tell that there's a spy in this country," a bewhiskered man said anonymously into the silence.

"Is that so?" another asked in mock interest.

"That all?" the storekeeper asked the big man who stood before him. The man nodded as he dropped a few coins on the counter.

"Do you know of anyone who's got any beef to sell? I'm in the market." The big man looked around the store wondering if anyone would answer his query.

"Yes, sir," the whiskered man went on as if he had not been interrupted. "They say he pretends he's a butcher, but it seems like everyone knows that his eyes and ears are always open when he's out buying stock. They figure he's got everyone's name in five counties on a list that tells whether he's a Tory or a patriot."

Again a silence as the big man picked up his packages and began moving toward the door.

"What about it, Honeyman?" one of the group demanded, rising to his feet.

"About what?" the man asked innocently.

"When are you going to stop snooping around, spying on your friends and neighbors?" The others in the group murmured their agreement.

"You gentlemen have me all wrong. I never let politics interfere with business. Just because my political leanings are different from yours does not mean you should begrudge me the profits I make." The scowls on the faces across from him deepened.

"You'll get none of my beef to feed to those red coats," the bearded man said defiantly. "I'd sooner sell it to the devil."

"Good day, gentlemen," the big man said, then he turned abruptly and left.

"John Honeyman," the storekeeper said disgustedly after the door had closed. "He's a spy if I ever saw one."

"We ought to run him out of town on a rail," another said quickly.

John Honeyman had every reason to be suspected as a traitor. Born in Ireland in 1729, he had come to America as a British soldier and had fought hard and had served valiantly for the king in the French and Indian War. He had the good fortune to have saved James Wolfe, then a colonel, from a nasty accident while crossing the Atlantic, and the dashing young officer kept the big Irishman under his wing until he died on the Plains of Abraham as *General* Wolfe. Honeyman had been one of the soldiers who bore the dying general from the field of his greatest triumph.

With such loyal service to the Crown behind him, Honeyman had decided to stay in the Colonies, taking up the weaver's trade. He married a pretty Irish immigrant and settled in southern New Jersey. When the Revolutionary War broke out, Honeyman made it clear to his patriotic neighbors that he stood on the side of justice, established order, and the Crown. As the Colonial armies suffered bitter reverses in the first dark years of the war, Honeyman's neighbors made less and less effort to conceal their ill will, until at last Honeyman had to flee his home and seek refuge behind British lines. He became a butcher trading in beef and pork to feed the British soldiers.

After leaving the store, John Honeyman hurried across the snow-covered ground to his quarters. He dropped off the packages he had purchased, then left town, ostensibly on a search for beef. But anyone following him would have wondered at his course. His trail wound around the farms he should have approached and passed through the last string of British outposts to cross the Delaware River to land held by the Colonial army.

A pair of scouts from the Continental army challenged him and the big man turned and ran through the snow. Honeyman's feet were no match for the horses of the scouts, however, and they soon caught up with him.

Honeyman had received such notoriety among Washington's army that practically the entire general staff, including the commanding general himself, was present for the interrogation. But the Tory spy would offer the questioning officers nothing of value.

"There is no use denying it, Mr. Honeyman," Washington announced impatiently into the room. "We are aware of your activities as an agent of the Crown."

"I am loyal to the Crown," Honeyman said, "But I am nothing more than a businessman—a butcher."

"Just like the Hessians," one of the officers retorted quickly. A wave of emotion swept through the frustrated officers.

"Though we do not sympathize with your politics, they are at least understandable. But hanging is too good for a man who would spy on his neighbors." Washington's words sliced the air sharply. His distaste for the man was obvious.

"That will be all, gentlemen," the Commander-in-chief announced to his officers. "Leave Honeyman here. I wish to see if he has any soul left in him at all."

"But, sir," one of the officers protested. "He might try to overpower you."

"I have a pistol," Washington said.

The disgruntled officers of the Continental army filed from the room, casting hateful glances at the spy. Washington's face remained stern as the men left, but when the door had been closed behind the last one, his features broke into a smile.

"How are you, John?" he asked warmly of the man seated before him. His eyes twinkled with warmth and merriment.

"I'm fine, sir," the big man said. "I let myself be captured because I have learned some very important news."

"I hoped as much," Washington said. "What are the British up to now?"

"It's what they're not up to that's important," Honeyman said. "They've left off fighting for the year and taken up winter quarters. They're strung out so far down the Delaware that they'd never be able to muster all their forces at once."

Washington spread out a map on the table before the fire and Honeyman pointed out the troop concentrations. The general pondered the situation. The Continental army needed supplies, food, and ammunition, but most of all it needed something to boost morale, to give the troops the will to endure the winter.

"Where are they weakest?" Washington asked.

"At Trenton," Honeyman said without hesitation. "The

Hessians are there, drunk with victory. They think there is no fight left to the Continental army."

"And the time to attack is Christmas morning," Washington said, making a decision.

"Perfect, sir," Honeyman agreed. "Those sober enough to stand won't be able to see the sights of their rifles."

"Well, John, take your chance to escape when it comes, and I'll be waiting for word from you."

"Yes, sir," Honeyman said. "Good luck."

"Guard," Washington called gruffly. The door opened quickly. "Take this traitor out of here and lock him in the stockade."

The camp was convinced that they would see the traitor swinging from a scaffold the next day. But a mysterious fire broke out in the camp that night and distracted the stockade guards. When they returned they found the door of the stockade open and John Honeyman gone.

As Honeyman had predicted, the surprise attack on Trenton caught the Hessians completely by surprise, and the Continental army killed or captured 1,016 men, in addition to acquiring much-needed supplies of food and ammunition. With the victory the army would make it through the winter.

During the remainder of the Revolutionary War Honeyman continued to cultivate his image as a Tory spy and, at the same time, to transfer valuable information to General Washington. While performing an invaluable service for his country, Honeyman and his family became all the more hated. More than once the "traitor's" life was threatened, as well as the safety of his family, and even after the war his neighbors in New Jersey would not forget what they thought were his Tory sympathies. His children were forced to fight to defend their father's name and his wife was all but ostracized from the little town's society.

Life became nearly unbearable for the Honeymans until one day George Washington himself paid a visit to the Honeyman house. Overwhelmed, Honeyman's neighbors called and paid their respects to the great man, and to each the first President explained the great service the "Tory spy" had done for the Revolution.

At last John Honeyman was able to take the credit due him and live with respect among his neighbors. America's first secret agent lived the remainder of his life in New Jersey, farming and plying his trade as a weaver.

The Dream That Won A Nobel Prize

On the day before Easter in 1920 Dr. Otto Loewi, who was for many years research pharmacologist at the New York University College of Medicine, had gone to bed, hoping to awaken to a cheerful Easter morning. But in the middle of the night he had a very strange dream and he awoke to record its details as quickly as possible. He scribbled furiously on a pad of paper at his bedside, then put the pencil down and fell back to sleep until dawn.

Dr. Loewi awoke convinced that he had dreamed something very important, but when he turned to the notes which he had written the night before, he found them completely undecipherable. Disappointed and curious about the content of his dream, Dr. Loewi wondered about it for the entire day.

As early as 1903 a very thorny problem in the field had come to Dr. Loewi's attention. The study of the function and the mechanism of the nerves in the human body was in its embryo stage at the time, and the most widely accepted theory was that the nerves of the body stimulated the muscles by transmitting a wave along with the minute electrical impulse that traveled the length of the nerve fiber.

At the time this theory was practically untestable, and for many reasons Dr. Loewi could not be satisfied with it. He discussed a different prospect with his colleagues. He proposed that chemical changes in the muscles were responsible for the body's reaction to stimuli, arguing that minute amounts of chemicals were released from the nerve fibers themselves, and that these chemicals caused the expansion and contraction of the muscles. To Dr. Loewi, and even to some of his colleagues, this theory seemed more plausible than the other, but, like the other, there seemed no possible way to test it.

The theory was pushed into Dr. Loewi's subconscious as other considerations came to his attention.

All through Easter day in 1920 Dr. Loewi pondered the strange dream he had had. At 3:00 A.M. he experienced the same dream. The dream gave the details of an experiment which would allow him to test the hypothesis that he had discarded more than seventeen years before.

Taking no chances that he might forget the dream again, Dr. Loewi arose and hurried to his laboratory. Had he thought of the idea in broad daylight, Loewi might have discarded it immediately as unworkable, but while under the competing influence of the dream, he hurriedly prepared for the experiment.

Then, as now, the creature most widely used in the study of the nervous system was the frog. The experiment outlined in the dream called for the use of two properly prepared frog hearts kept alive in a Ringer solution—a substance resembling blood plasma. The experiment was very simple in inception. Each heart was held in a separate container of the Ringer solution. A particular nerve called the vagus nerve was stimulated in one of the frog hearts, then the Ringer solution was transferred to the other container. The vagus nerve of the heart in the second container had been carefully dissected away so there was no chance that it could be accidentally stimulated. The result of the experiment was that the second heart reacted as if the vagus nerve had not been dissected away, showing that it was indeed a chemical change which triggered muscular response and not an electronic wave from the nerve.

This experiment forced an abrupt change in the theory of muscle stimulation and triggered a series of independent experiments not only verifying Dr. Loewi's result but going further. The chemical which induced this particular change in the heart action of the frog was positively identified as acetylcholine, which had first been isolated by H. H. Dale, Dr. Loewi's close friend, in 1914. Together these men shared the Nobel Prize for physiology and medicine in 1936.

Though the experiment itself had a striking effect on the academic world of physiology, the manner in which the idea for the test came to Dr. Loewi is perhaps even more astounding. It is conceivable that ideas could be transferred from one mind to another during sleep. But when such ideas are not in the mind of any man, from where could they possibly arise?

Before his death in 1961 Dr. Loewi stated that he could not possibly answer this question. Perhaps no man can, but it is certain that Dr. Loewi's dream provided the key to subsequent research which eventually gained him the Nobel Prize.

John R. Brinkley, the Great Rejuvenator

"We need more goats," a tall man announced into the hot Kansas sunshine to a group of men who had been waiting his arrival.

"That what he said?" one of them asked.

"That's what he said," the man affirmed.

"He's got durn near a hundred and fifty in the pens now. What does he need more for?"

"He ain't payin' ya to ask questions," the tall man said impatiently. "I don't care what you have to do to get them, but get them."

"Had to go fifty miles last time," one of them complained. "Goats is gettin' scarce. Might have to go clear to Arkansas."

"I don't care if you have to go clear to hell—get them!"

"I guess it's his money," one of the younger men said as they shuffled toward the waiting stock trucks. "But he ain't gonna get none of mine. You won't catch me swappin' with a billy just to keep the old lady happy."

"Yeah," his partner said, "you're young enough to talk that way, but when you get my age, you see things a little different. When I get enough saved up, I'm gonna go up to ole Doc Brinkley and have him give me some new life. Yessir! New life."

"From the number of goats he needs, it sounds like you'll have to wait in line," the younger man said, climbing into the truck.

"But it'll be worth it, boy—it's new life he's offering."

And from the small town of Milford, Kansas, they scattered in four directions to scour the countryside for anything that resembled a goat. The ones they could not buy or trade for they rustled, loading up the trucks and carting the critters back, only to find that they barely kept pace with the number of goats which had disappeared from the pens while they had been away.

John Romulus Brinkley was the man supporting this wholesale goat roundup. He had sold the Midwest on the tale that he had control of the Fountain of Youth. He had convinced the worn and aging male that he could put new oomph in his love life. The secret, Brinkley proclaimed daily from his own powerful radio station, KFKB, was in the glands.

"A man is no older than his glands," vibrated over the airways for over fifteen hours a day, and Doctor John R. Brinkley offered to make a man's glands as young as . . . well, at least as young as the goats he castrated.

John Brinkley had sensed that Americans of every class would clamor to let him take their money if he could convince them that eternal youth would be theirs in return. Brinkley's first schemes had been, perhaps, a little too scientific to capture the imagination of the ordinary mind; but when he hit on the fantasy of substituting the glands of the proverbially virile goat for those of a worn out, old man, his practice began to thrive, and when he had finished his con all the ordinary quacks had been put to shame, since Brinkley had built his fairy-tale pitch into a ten million dollar empire!

Born in Beta, South Carolina, in 1885, Brinkley's mother died before he reached the age of six, and his father passed on by the time he was ten. Left in the poverty-stricken home of his aunt, Brinkley sought escape, and when he reached age sixteen he jumped at the chance. Young John dreamed of a life better than the one that fate had tossed him in the Carolina hills and his journeys took him to Baltimore, where he applied for admission to the Johns Hopkins University Medical School.

His application was reviewed and refused and the dejected Brinkley might have made his way back to Beta empty-handed except for a smooth-talking man who approached him with a tale of a "private" medical school. Brinkley was told that he need only to sign on the dotted line and he could learn to be a doctor by correspondence. Eager to make his mark in the medical world, Brinkley snapped at the chance. The course covered only herbal medicine, but this made no difference to enthusiastic young John, until four years later several doctors told him that roots and bay leaves were on the way out.

Disgusted, Brinkley headed back for Beta where he married Sally Wike and tried to make a life in his home town. But Beta could not hold him. After the cities of the Eastern Seaboard Beta's one-horse pace could not be tolerated. John and Sally packed their bags and headed for Chicago.

With his excellent background in herbal medicine, Brinkley enrolled in an advanced course at Bennett Medical College. His studies continued for a few years and when he had completed them Brinkley was awarded a diploma from the Eclectic Medical University of Kansas City.

With this formidable-sounding institution behind him he became Dr. J. R. Brinkley, and he and Sally traveled east to New York where he flimflammed the city out of a permit to set up shop as a dealer in herbs.

Roots weren't selling in those days, so when a fellow "doctor" told him that he knew how to gather in all the money they would ever need, Brinkley gave the man his undivided attention. The medical team set up shop in Greenville, South Carolina, calling themselves "electromedic specialists."

Disgusted with Brinkley's shady schemes, Sally asked him for a divorce, and when he would not give her one she walked out on him, taking their child with her. Brinkley sought her out and brought her back two times before he realized that any personal magnetism he may have had which had once attracted Sally had long since weakened. At last he gave up and granted her the divorce.

Forever restless, Brinkley moved away from his partner and the electromedic racket. He traveled through Tennessee and Arkansas and picked up practitioner's licenses in both states. His next lengthy stop was Kansas.

Brinkley realized that Kansas could be a new life for him. He arrived at the small town of Fulton with a new wife and a head full of new money-making ideas. After only six months in the town the townsmen elected him mayor, and Brinkley began grooming a goatee which convinced more people that he was a doctor than the parchment from the Eclectic Medical University of Kansas City.

From Fulton, Brinkley made the fateful trip to Milford, Kansas, on October 7, 1917. The town had neither a doctor nor a hospital and looked like easy pickings to Brinkley. He opened a drugstore and once again went into practice on the strength of his questionable diploma.

About this time Brinkley began reading of the research of a Russian scientist working in Paris, who was trying to rejuvenate chimpanzees by trading their glands around. Serge Voronoff was actually a serious experimenter, performing graftings on his monkeys in the interest of science. Scientifically Voronoff's results were inconclusive, but when Brinkley thought about the experiments, dollar signs rolled up in his eyes. All it took was a few affidavits from satisfied customers *and their wives* to give the good doctor a line of customers clamoring for virile goat-gland transplants.

By August of 1918 his business had expanded so much that Brinkley had a fifty-bed hospital constructed to handle the flow of patients through Milford. The hospital was not second-rate in any department. Brinkley's assistants were well-dressed; the rooms were as sterile as any other hospital, and the facilities were up-to-the-minute.

Strangely enough, very few of Brinkley's patients complained that the operation was not a success. Most of them left Milford feeling potent again, and after they reached home reports from their wives confirmed the astounding fact. Very little was known about the power of mental suggestion in 1920.

With the gland business booming, Brinkley faced a serious problem in the shortage of Kansas goats. He used the money gained (fifty patients a week at $750 a patient) to build a spur line into Milford from a nearby railway. The goats began coming in from Arkansas and Tennessee by the carload.

Even though Milford's business boomed, Brinkley, ever alert for a new source of income, was advised to go into radio by a Kansas City advertising man. It sounded like a good way to sell himself and his operations, so Brinkley erected KFKB (Kansas First, Kansas Best) and began broadcasting across the nation's midsection for over fifteen hours a day. Brinkley not only sold goat glands, but he dug back into his past of herb peddling to sell all sorts of cures over the air. The kickbacks he began receiving from druggists across the nation soon equaled his income from the goat-gland business in Milford.

As he reached the peak of his form, Brinkley began hearing voices of dissent from around the country. He first ignored them as the money kept rolling in, but some of the complainants had more sway than he had estimated. The American Medical Association began to howl that Brinkley had had a shoddy education and had, in fact, bought his diploma. But Kansas loved John Brinkley and refused to ship him off for trial. Even so, the wall had begun to crack.

In 1930 a reporter from the Kansas City *Star* began banging out articles that accused John "Goat Gland" Brinkley of everything from mutilation to murder. The *Star* had dug up evidence that Brinkley's operations were not permanently successful and that at least one man, a New Jersey carpenter, had died of tetanus after taking the Brinkley treatment.

Brinkley found himself fighting a losing battle. When officials in Kansas were confronted with the death certificates of forty-two patients who had died under Brinkley's care, they had no choice but to revoke his license. Brinkley circumvented that crisis by hiring regularly licensed surgeons to perform his operations, but he was in a battle to save his money-making radio station, as well. In Washington Brinkley took the stand as a sort of character witness for himself and explained that he had given new life to seven newspapermen in Los Angeles.

But the Kansas City *Star* reporter, who had begun the avalanche, jumped up and shouted, "Yes, except that one died!"

The accusation was devastating. Although Brinkley won the right to broadcast while he appealed, he could not forestall the inevitable. Perhaps hoping to gain enough power in Kansas to control the boards and legislators, Brinkley announced his candidacy for governor. In spite of the fact that he was too late to be put on the ballot, Brinkley ran as a write-in candidate and was barely nosed out by his opponents.

Brinkley began to slide. He sold the Kansas radio station and set off to build one south of the border that would blast from Mexico into the South and Southwest. Convinced that the people of Kansas loved him, Brinkley ran once again for governor in 1932, but he was nosed out by Alf Landon. Out of national embarrassment the State Department began putting pressure on the Mexican government to shut down his border blaster. By this time Brinkley was sitting atop a ten-million-dollar empire and he only acquiesced to the wishes of the Mexican authorities when troops showed up at the station's studios.

After Brinkley's radio voice was silenced, medical authorities began taking pot shots at him from all sides. Brinkley sued for libel but the courts were quick to rule against him. By 1941 the Great Rejuvenator had so many lawsuits against him that a court in Texas declared him bankrupt. In May of 1942, at age fifty-six, John Romulus Brinkley died.

Burke's the Butcher, Hare's the Thief, Knox the Boy Who Buys the Beef

"This is getting to be good business," William Hare whispered hoarsely into the night that had settled over Edinburgh, Scotland.

"Quiet," his companion demanded. "We're almost there. You want to get caught now?" Hare's friend was William Burke, a small, portly cobbler, who did his business in a shop near Hare's inn. Burke's round, pudgy face seemed to dissolve in the shadows of the night, but Hare's ugly features hung in the faint gaslight like a hideous Chinese lantern.

Between them the two men carried a chest, quite large, and any observer would have known that its contents were heavy. The chest scraped along the cobblestone walk a little, as Burke dropped his end, but Hare kept on walking.

"Watch what you're doing there," Burke snarled under his breath. "This is the place."

"I thought it was the next door," Hare protested.

"No," the other said as he knocked softly. After a minute the door opened, showing the light of a partially covered lantern to the two men outside.

"Good evening, gentlemen," a high voice came from the shadows behind the open door. "I'm glad to see that you've come again."

"Glad we could make it," Burke said. He looked keenly into the shadowy, bespectacled face of the man who had opened the door. He was a bit taller than Burke's five feet five inches, but not nearly his equal in weight.

"You want it downstairs, Doc?" Hare asked impatiently.

"Yes, of course," the man said, closing the door after the two men. Doctor John Knox followed Burke and Hare, holding the lantern high so neither would stumble. Finally the men set their burden on the floor, and without further ceremony Hare opened the lid of the chest, stooped down, then stood up, lifting a completely nude male corpse into the lantern light. With a coarse grunt he dropped the cadaver roughly on the table.

"Easy, there," Dr. Knox admonished. "I'm not paying for damaged goods."

"Dead meat don't bruise, Doc," Burke said, a smile twisting his features.

Knox said nothing for a few seconds. "I guess you're right," he said after thinking it over abstractly. "It's scientifically impossible. Perhaps you should be giving the anatomy lectures."

The three shared a laugh as Doctor Knox bent to examine the corpse. "He's in very excellent condition," he remarked without looking up. "Strange that so robust a man would die. Was he sick?"

"Overwork," Burke said, shaking his head. "He just worked himself to death."

"Well, gentlemen," the doctor announced, "I'm satisfied, and here is your fee. I'd offer you a drink, but I must be up early tomorrow to lecture."

Burke and Hare stuffed the five-pound notes into their pockets and preceded the lantern-carrying doctor to his door. "I hope you'll return soon," Knox said, bidding them goodnight.

In the late 1820's surgeons and doctors of the British Isles had begun to discover the value of dissection. The infant science of surgery was progressing rapidly, but the progress required cadavers and the more cadavers which were supplied, the more the doctors realized they did not know, and thus the more cadavers were required. As a result societies of grave robbers were formed called the Resurrectionists, who did their utmost to make sure the corpses landing on the dissecting table were as fresh as possible. (Digging was easier in unsettled dirt.) Outraged kin of the deceased gathered in the streets around medical colleges, throwing stones through the windows, and in some places iron cages were built over the graves to keep the corpse-craving ghouls out.

In Edinburgh Burke and Hare had hit upon a goldmine. At ten pounds a corpse the two men could get rich in very little time, because Knox went through the bodies at an incredible rate of speed. Ten pounds was more than an average working man in the 1820's could earn in six months. To keep pace with their greed, Burke and Hare had added their own special wrinkle to the wholesale corpse business: The goods they pedaled were always fresh because they would not wait for a "corpse" to die.

Returning to Hare's inn that cold December night, the two men warmed their flesh with a few tankards of grog. Burke joined his common-law wife, Helen, whose breath always reeked of stale liquor, and Hare went to his kept mistress, Mag Laird. Together they celebrated their newfound financial independence. Even though they had been in the business less than a month, their clothes had already become those of the newly rich.

All through the spring and into the summer of 1828 business boomed. Even though Knox had to reduce the going rate to eight pounds during the hot months because of his need for ice, Burke and Hare figured they could get by on that.

With his newfound riches Burke's taste in women had changed also. Helen was a bit frowsy, and, besides, he had had his eye on Mary Paterson, a beautiful prostitute who had always been out of his financial class. Burke approached her as a prosperous businessman, then bought her a jug of gin. From there it was only a little jingle of coin to the home of his brother, Constantine, who collected garbage for the Edinburgh police.

Unannounced at his brother's house, Burke informed the bewildered man that he had some business to discuss with the ample-bosomed, blond-haired beauty. The door to the bedroom had not been closed long before the door of the house opened again and in barged Helen Burke, her eyes blurred with drink and her voice screeching hatred for her husband. Someone had told her of his leaving the grog shop with the beautiful streetwalker. She ran to the bedroom and jerked open the door to find a frustrated Burke and a Mary Paterson who had fainted dead away from too much drink. To further complicate matters, Hare had followed Helen Burke to bother Constantine's house and, to avoid trouble, had quickly doled out a few shillings to get the man and his wife out of the way. Constantine protested, wondering what would become of Mary Paterson, but Hare assured him that all would be handled very smoothly. After promising Helen that he would see that her husband committed no unfaithful act, Hare also convinced her to leave.

The next day the medical students attending Dr. Knox's lecture and dissection laboratory were a little stunned by the dead beauty who lay under the doctor's knife. More than one of them had seen her before and a few had even paid her price. The medical students were not the only people who had missed the beautiful streetwalker. She had a steady friend, an Irishman named McLaughlin, who looked on himself as her protector. Though the big, burly man could not prove anything, he was sure that Mary had met with foul play and he traced her vanishing trail right to a cobbler named Burke.

"Who?" Burke had said when McLaughlin had confronted him.

"Mary Paterson," the Irishman roared. "And don't tell me you never heard of her. I know she went with you to your brother's house a few days ago."

"Oh, yes," the round little man said smoothly. "We could not come to an agreement."

Even while McLaughlin went storming away, Burke was suffering from further domestic problems. While trying to fulfill a special order from Dr. Knox for a ten-year-old boy and an old lady, he and Hare had unwittingly taken an idiot as a victim. The fact would have been inconsequential to Dr. Knox, but to Helen Burke, her mind clouded with drink and superstition, it was an evil omen—a curse in fact—and the two grim businessmen had all they could do to keep her from spilling the entire story while moaning in her grog. Even a vacation at the seaside did her no good, and Burke, Hare, and Mag Laird decided to leave Edinburgh and hide out in Glasgow. In their absence Helen Burke managed to swallow her fear and when the trio tiptoed into Edinburgh again a few months later, she had not opened her mouth.

But the game could not be played much longer. When a neighbor ran across the corpse of an old lady, which was all tucked neatly away in the chest ready for transport, the entire matter nearly exploded in their faces. Only Hare's quick action in moving the evidence saved the day.

The thorough Edinburgh police had been moving in on the dealers in corpses ever since the first missing-person reports had come from that sector of the city. McLaughlin had come to them protesting the disappearance of Mary Paterson, and subsequent questioning of medical students, who had seen her beautiful, cold body on Knox's dissection table, had made the officials suspicious of Burke and Hare.

The police made arrests at Hare's inn and simultaneously raided Dr. Knox's laboratory where they found the old lady, who had recently been delivered. Although neither of the

Burkes ever opened his mouth both Mag Laird and William Hare confessed, telling how the victims were lured to the inn, then suffocated. Even though Dr. Knox claimed that he had known nothing of the murders and was never brought to trial, the grisly publicity ruined his reputation and he faded into obscurity.

Of the four ghouls only William Burke paid with his life. Helen Burke, who had only circumstantial evidence against her, was released. Probably because they had so readily confessed to their roles in the crimes, both the Hares were set free. Mag died seven years later in France, but William lived to the age of eighty and died a beggar in London.

Burke himself remains with us—a skeleton in the Edinburgh anatomy museum. The placard placed beside his stocky structure is decorated with a small skull and minces no words. It reads: *William Burke The Murderer.*

The Russian Woman Doctor Who Hunts Abominable Snowmen

One of the most extraordinary women in Russia today is Dr. Jeanne-Marie-Therese Koffman, who is determined to snare an abominable snowman and have the last laugh on her skeptical colleagues in the scientific circles of the Soviet Union.

Early in 1967 Miss Koffman, who has already established herself as a top surgeon, read a paper at a session of the Geographical Society of the USSR, which detailed for her colleagues the results of her five-year search for the abominable snowman of the Caucasus Mountains. The determined lady had prepared a presentation of 219 eyewitness accounts from those who had seen the humanoid creatures roaming about the Caucasian region. The fact that the majority of Russian scientists considered her reports to be nothing more than hallucinations suffered by the natives of the remote mountain regions did not daunt Miss Koffman in the slightest.

In a recent letter to the magazine *Science and Religion* she admitted that snowmen hunters did not yet have "serious material proof" that humanoid creatures live in the Caucasus, but Miss Koffman stressed that ". . . the idea that the 'wild man' is just a figure of folklore is ruled out by the testimony of witnesses not belonging to the local population. The view about ill-intentioned deception is incompatible with the testimony of persons who were unaware of the scientific controversy and who enjoy considerable authority among local inhabitants."

According to reporter Nino Lo Bello writing from Moscow, Dr. Jeanne-Marie-Therese is no reserved spinster who sits at home with a glass of warm milk and conjures up fantasies about bizarre creatures. "She (Miss Koffman) is a skilled motorcyclist, an expert marksman, and a daredevil horseback rider. During World War II she served with an airborne unit in the Northern Caucasus, volunteered for the front, was parachuted into combat many times, and took part in a number of key operations against the Nazis."

The persistent monster hunter has examined the skeletal remains of a captive snowwoman who died in the 1870's. According to long-lived residents of the Caucasus, the creature, known as Zana, was captured by Prince Achba during a hunt in the mountains. A man named Jadgi Genaba kept Zana tethered in a hut for several years until she grew accustomed to people. Covered with thick black hair, Zana had a large and powerful body. Although she obeyed Genaba's commands and aided him in the heavy tasks on his estate, she refused to wear clothes and never learned to talk. Seemingly impervious to the cold, Zana bathed in an icy mountain spring even during the most severe winter days. It is known that Zana gave birth to five children, but ancient residents of the area debate whether or not all of the children died. Some maintain that at least one of the children went off to join his mother's people in the remote mountain regions of the Caucasus.

Dr. Jeanne-Marie-Therese Koffman, the daredevil woman surgeon, earnestly believes that someday she will locate a small tribe of the snowmen in the desolate mountain regions of Russia. When that day arrives, the plucky woman doctor will have her last laugh on the Soviet skeptics who have nicknamed her The Abominable Koffman.

The Man Who Takes Pictures with His Head

The small group of people who had gathered in the Chicago suburban home were not sure what to expect from the man who sat across from them. He seemed polite, but a little nervous, as he was presented with the Polaroid-Land camera that had been freshly loaded with a cylinder of film.

"Does he usually act so nervous?" one of the observers asked another, who had seen the man with the camera before.

"Always," was the reply. "He'll go into a trance soon."

As they watched, the man fitted a rolled piece of cardboard over the lens mount, like an oversized straw extending away from the camera. Then he turned the camera and pointed it in the general direction of his own head. After waiting more than a minute, he snapped the shutter, and one of the observers in the room immediately took the camera from his hands and began the ten-second processing.

"I hope it came out," Ted Serios, the man who had snapped the picture, said.

But when the picture was torn from the roll, the people who had gathered in the room were disappointed.

"I think we have here an excellent picture of your head and shoulders and the wall behind you," someone laughed.

The picture was passed from person to person after the fixative had been applied. It was indeed a picture of the man's head and shoulders.

"We will try again," Ted Serios said instantly.

He was again given the camera and he did exactly the same thing, his concentration more intent than the first time. Once again the room fell into complete silence as the assembled people waited for the man to snap the shutter of the camera. Finally the little sound clicked into the room and the camera was again snatched from his hands.

"This time you will see," Ted Serios said confidently.

Even ten seconds seemed too long a time for those waiting to see the result. Finally the film was torn from the roll and those who stared wonderingly at it certainly did not see a picture of Ted Serios' head and shoulders.

"What is it?" some asked.

"It looks like the museum," the owner of the house said excitedly.

"What?"

"The Museum of Natural History in the Loop."

"But that's over fifteen miles away!"

The notion of psychic photography is practically as old as photography itself. People have been taking pictures, which have shown unexplainable objects and figures in the background, since before the Civil War. But until modern times the idea that these figures and objects could have originated in some paranormal way has been scoffed at by almost all reputable scientists.

This open skepticism was understandable because of the large amount of processing which a photograph had to go through before it could be studied. With loading and unloading of the film, and the darkroom processing which sometimes took hours, opportunities for trickery and fraud were so great that any reasonable person would be inclined to scoff if shown a picture of a spirit or of the Brooklyn Bridge taken from a hotel room in Miami.

But due to technological advances in photography, all of these objections have been wiped away. With ten-second processing of film and the use of the observers' own camera, the chances that a fraud is being committed approach zero very rapidly.

Ted Serios of Chicago has again and again produced weird and unexplainable images on film which has been delivered fresh from the factory and sealed inside a camera which he has never seen before the moment he picks it up and points it at his head.

How does he do it? He does not claim to know. But he is anxious to find out and he is willing to allow himself to be tested. Ted Serios first learned of his unique ability in 1954, while he was working as a bellhop in a hotel. A fellow bellhop, George Johannes, hypnotized him, and together they hoped to locate buried treasure through hypnotic regression. At one of the sessions Serios described a scene and Johannes planted the suggestion that it could be photographed. Later, armed with a camera, the two men did produce a picture of the scene which Ted Serios had in mind.

Although they did not find any treasure, the two men hoped they could get people interested in investigating the strange phenomenon of photographing thoughts. But before the days of ten-second processing they were largely ignored. As in other cases of increased paranormal activity, the strain of this strange mediumship quickly affected the health of Ted Serios. By 1959 his weight had fallen from 250 to 135 pounds, and he had spent several extended periods in the hospital.

Serios was put in the care of a psychologist, who, with very good intentions, planted a suggestion while Ted was under hypnosis that he had fraudulently produced the pictures. Serios regained his health, but he suffered a serious setback in the investigation of his abilities. Falsely convinced that he had faked the psychic photographs, Serios destroyed all that he had taken. Only after several years did the hypnotic suggestion wear off and Ted Serios once again became convinced that he had indeed taken the psychic photos.

With the advent of ten-second processing it has become much easier for Ted Serios to convince others of his strange ability.

Before witnesses from the Illinois Society for Psychical Research Serios has been able to produce very striking photographs of street scenes in Chicago and of the Museum of Natural History, which seems to be one of his favorite targets. On other occasions Serios has not been so geographically bound. In 1962 he happened to glance at a map of India, and this triggered a series of photographs of strange buildings, most of them not easily identified. After much research some corresponding photos were found in local archives. At one session Serios began taking pictures of Washington, D.C., to please one of the witnesses, who had just returned from the nation's capital.

Although few of the pictures that Serios produces are masterpieces of the photographic art, it cannot be denied that unexplainable images have appeared on the processed film. And even though some of these images are blurred, the fact that they appeared at all cannot be explained in the terms of ordinary science.

Serios has demonstrated his unique ability for a team of industrial scientists, and in one instance he projected a full-color view directly on a wall of the test room.

Even though he is very patient and very polite with those who wish to observe his strange talent, Ted Serios hopes that the period of demonstration will soon end and that research into the nature of the phenomenon itself will begin. With the implications that psychic photography has for modern science, his suggestion should not go unheeded.

George Devol, King of the Mississippi

At the age of sixty George Devol claimed that he could still batter down a door or smash in a beer barrel with his head. He would explain that he wore his hair long to cover a scalp that looked like the railroad map of Ohio.

"Friend," Devol would laugh, "I've been bashed on my head with iron dray pins, pokers, clubs, pistol butts, and thousands of fists. Doctors have told me that my skull is nearly an inch thick over my forehead. They were only guessing, of course, but if my dear old mammy doesn't guard my grave, they'll know after I'm dead!"

After a few drinks Devol would tell how he had shipped out as a cabin boy at the age of ten, stolen a deck of cards, learned how to stack it, and was able to cheat the deckhands out of their wages. He would end the chronicle of his youthful adventures by casually mentioning that he had won hundreds of thousands from paymasters and cotton thieves, fought more rough-and-tumble fights than any other man in America, and had become the most daring gambler in the world.

George was born in August, 1829, at Marietta, Ohio. He came of pioneer stock; his grandfather, Jonathan Devol, was an illustrious Revolutionary officer who became famous in Ohio's frontier history. In spite of his honorable ancestors, it was not long before the community acknowledged George as their number-one juvenile delinquent. The Devol's neighbors swore that he was the worst boy of his age west of the Allegheny Mountains and gave him twenty years before he'd swing from the gallows.

When he reached the ripe old age of ten, George's wild spirit gained the upper hand and he shipped out as a cabin boy on the first of a long line of steamboats. For the next six years he received a liberal-arts education from a faculty of gamblers, thieves, slavers, and soldiers of fortune. He learned how to stack decks and cheat at cards. He became initiated into the rigorous cult of the rough-and-tumble and friends made small fortunes by betting on the kid with the hard head. He was able to swear expertly in two tongues after following soldiers to the Rio Grande during the Mexican War.

When he was sixteen years old, George felt a pang of homesickness. He had $2,700 saved up, so he decided to go home to see if all was forgiven. On the way home to Marietta he cleaned out the passengers on a northbound steamer and bought $400 worth of gifts to present to his parents as a peace offering.

George made an honest effort to settle down. For a year he worked with his brother caulking steamboat hulls. Then one day, when the old wanderlust was itching his heels more than usual, he suddenly kicked his tools into the river. "That's the last lick of work I'll ever do," he shouted at his gaping brother. "I'm going to make the money pour in. I'll master them all: roulette, euchre, rondo, keno, faro, poker, monte—I'll make them all work for me!"

Devol began operating a three-card monte table aboard *The Katie,* soon to become one of his favorite steamboats. Monte was a simple game to play. Three cards, usually the king, queen, and jack, were placed down on table, bar, or suitcase, and mixed up. George would bet the sucker that he could not turn up a specific card. The moneymaking gimmick was, of course, that George's hand was quicker than the victim's eye.

Sometimes Devol would let the rube win a couple of bets until the stakes got really worthwhile. His ingenious mind fostered many variations of monte, and often he would employ the services of a "capper" (accomplice) to join his conspiracy against the suckers on the Mississippi.

The capper, supposedly without George's knowledge, would turn up a corner of one of the cards and put a mark on it in full view of the victims. The rubes, excited by this maneuver, saw a chance to cheat the young gambler and would slit their clothes to get their savings out of the linings. It seemed to be a sure thing. But when the suckers flipped over the marked card, it still turned out to be the wrong one.

One night aboard *The Katie,* bound for New Orleans, Devol had assumed one of his many disguises, that of an innocent, young dandy, and had his good friend Canada Bill serving as capper.

After supper Devol struck up a conversation with a cultured Georgia plantation owner and impressed the man as being completely ignorant of the ways of the world—especially card playing.

"You mean to say that you never play cards?" the Georgian asked incredulously.

"Oh, heavens no, sir," Devol shook his head. "Father reared me strictly. To him playing is a device of Satan."

"Poppycock," the planter snorted around his cigar. "Your father has done you an injustice by not introducing you to games of chance. I'm old enough to be your father, so tonight I'm adopting you long enough to teach you three-card monte. That's a nice simple game to start with."

"Very well," Devol smiled. "That sounds splendid. I'll see if the barkeep has any of those cards I observed some gentlemen playing with before supper."

The bartender rummaged behind the counter and came up with some monte cards, slyly returning Devol's wink. George always kept a good supply of gambling paraphernalia with well-tipped barkeepers.

The planter offered a brief explanation of the rudiments of the game and the two began playing for drinks and cigars. George lost most of the time and made certain that the plantation owner noticed a small pencil mark on the jack. Then Canada Bill entered the melodrama.

"Gentlemen"—he smiled—"I'm certainly glad I ran into two other men with some sporting blood. This trip was becoming quite dull. May I join you?"

Canada Bill expressed his amusement at the two men playing for cigars and drinks. He dumped a stack of bills on the table and suggested they play for some real stakes. Devol, in his role as the young dandy, held back.

"Oh, come on, son," the plantation owner scowled. "Be a man."

After enduring a few moments of chiding by the Georgian and Canada Bill, Devol uttered a deep I-really-shouldn't sigh and peeled a few bills from his money roll. The planter's eyes bugged at the size of the wad. Perhaps he could even envision buying several more acres of cotton land with the night's winnings.

The three of them began to play in earnest, each time hiking the bets. Canada Bill lost a bet of $500, shook his head dejectedly, and said that he'd had enough.

"My lord, man!" the planter whispered harshly as Devol excused himself to order a fresh round of drinks. "Where are your eyes? Can't you see that the jack has a mark on it?"

Canada Bill glanced at the cards, and the Georgian pointed it out to him. "By thunder!" Canada Bill roared. "Now it's my turn to bleed the young gentleman!"

Devol returned to the table with the drinks, seemingly oblivious to the conspiracy that had been plotted against him. Canada Bill made a sizeable bet and this time, naturally, won.

The wealthy Georgian was by this time becoming quite eager to make a real killing off Devol. His earlier paternal instinct toward the young man had been completely smothered by his greed for gold. He offered a bet of $2,000.

Devol appeared stunned and gave him the stand-off treatment. "Perhaps you had better reconsider, my friend. My father has three plantations, so I wouldn't mind it so much if I lost, but you might suffer great financial distress."

The Georgian, his pride stung by the suggestion of poverty, flushed a deep red and said sharply, "I can afford to wager you four thousand dollars, win or lose!"

"Make it five thousand dollars," Devol said quietly.

Canada Bill picked up his cue. "I'll put up half the money," he whispered to the snared Georgian.

"I'm able to handle it myself, thank you," he told Canada Bill indignantly.

Later Devol bought the Georgian a drink and paid his supper tab. "I always act benevolently toward a man who has just lost a great deal of money," he told his partner.

In New Orleans one winter George and Canada Bill worked out an ingenious method of fleecing the rubes and even the sharpies who might be looking for action aboard the buoyant boarding houses docked along the river. These floating hotels were old steamboats rigged out to serve as rooming houses when accommodations in the city became strained.

Devol had his special table in a corner of his stateroom. A hole was bored in the floor beneath the table and another hole drilled up through the adjoining cabin. A thin wire was run from the stateroom to the hole under the table, and a spring and a nail were attached under the table hole.

The sucker would be maneuvered into sitting against the wall of the cabin which also had a small hole in it. Lying on the top bunk in the adjoining stateroom, Canada Bill could easily read the marked cards and signal Devol at the table.

Devol would take off one of his boots and place the unshod foot over the hole where the spring and nail were located.

One light jab of the nail indicated that the sucker had a pair; two jabs, two pairs; three jabs, three pairs; and so on. Devol and Canada Bill had a most profitable winter, often at the expense of other famous gamblers, who were determined to take the head man on the Mississippi.

Devol's head-butting prowess appears to the devotee of rough-and-tumble sports to be an even greater and more remarkable accomplishment than his gambling techniques or his manual dexterity at the monte table. With his thick skull he was literally "head man" on the Mississippi.

As a young itinerant gambler Devol was pitted against all comers by his speculating friends, and none could be found to match him, head against head.

Once when George was in New Orleans the John Robinson Circus arrived boasting "The Man with the Thick Skull, or the Great Butter" among their sideshow attractions. William Carroll was the owner of the formidable skull, and he was soon paraded around to the city's saloons, looking for the local bully boy to challenge.

Devol was having a social glass with Dutch Jake, a popular sporting man of the day, when the Robinson entourage arrived, noisily proclaiming the cranial prowess of Carroll.

The circus men taunted several of the husky longshoremen leaning against the bar but could flush no comers to face the fierce Carroll, who stood pawing the floor intermittently and snorting like an enraged bull.

Dutch Jake lit a fresh cigar and rose to his feet. "Mr. Robinson," he roared above the din of the crowded saloon, "I'll bet ten thousand that I've got a man who can crack that egghead's skull."

John Robinson wheeled, open-mouthed, to face Dutch Jake. "You've got yourself a bet, sir," he said confidently.

The saloon crowd, who had been stunned into silence by Dutch Jake's challenge, spotted Devol sitting silently nursing his drink and began to make side bets among themselves.

Devol, seeing he couldn't back out, sighed and waved his hand wearily for silence. "Don't bet, boys. Save your money. Mr. Carroll and I will just run together once for fun."

George sized up his opponent as he slipped off his coat. He saw that the weight advantage would go to himself, but that Carroll had an unusually large head. He decided that he would have to give Carroll a pretty good ramming.

The two men measured off and ran together at great speed. The sound of their skulls meeting head on was like that of two male rams in mating season. When Carroll finally picked himself up, he brushed the sawdust from his clothing and walked over to the table where Devol was finishing his drink.

Placing his hand on George's head, he said, "Fellows, I've found my pappy at last!"

A fireman on the steamer *John Walsh* had begun to create a great deal of notoriety by butting some of the roustabouts insensible and even killing some men with his deadly head work.

George was playing a friendly game of euchre on deck when word reached him that the fireman had learned he was aboard and had issued a challenge.

Devol suppressed a yawn and laid down his cards. "Send him up. I'll butt him until he's sick of it."

The bets began to fly heavily, for the prowess of both men was well known on the river. A well-meaning friend tried to dissuade George, fearing that the monstrous fireman would be too much for the gambler. His pride hurt by the very suggestion, Devol placed a bet of $500 on himself.

The hulking fireman came topside, sneering defiance. The deck was cleared; the women were ushered into their rooms and a string was placed between two uprights.

Devol exchanged a few verbal thrusts with his sweat-streaked, brutish opponent, and then the men squared off on opposite sides of the cord. Someone yelled a signal and the butters rushed at each other like berserk billy goats.

Devol gave the fireman a glancing blow that skinned his forehead for about three inches. The giant reeled dizzily toward the rail, clutching the shoulders of his friends for support.

"Have you had enough?" George taunted, feeling the force of the terrible concussion himself.

The roustabout answered with a low rumble in his throat and squared up at the string again. This time the impact of the two iron-hard skulls seemed to jar the boat and brought shrieks of terror from the women passengers peeking through their keyholes. The husky fireman fell to the deck with a solid thud. From the moment he regained consciousness he never stopped paying tribute to the man "who hit like a cannon ball."

Devol realized that he possessed a dangerous weapon with an almost limitless potential, so he used his cranium sparingly. He was also a powerful boxer, an expert rough-and-tumble wrestler, and when the going really got rough, he could always rely on "Betsy Jane," his pearl-handled derringer.

There were times, however, when recourse to the iron skull seemed to present the easiest way to terminate an argument. If a poor loser objected to George's technique, called him a cheat, and made the fatal mistake of seizing him by the lapels, George might argue a bit with him but would usually end up by letting him have it between the eyes and dropping him in a heap.

Devol had another way of using his head in a scuffle besides hitting people with it. He let them hit *it*. Once the most notorious rough-and-tumble fighter of Pittsburgh challenged George to step outside and be stomped.

Devol accepted the taunt, downed his drink, and followed the husky stevedore out of the saloon. Outside, the prospect of a congenial tussle suddenly became an unpleasant ordeal, as the stevedore was joined by four scowling friends with drawn pistols.

"This is going to be a fair fight," one of the sullen longshoremen said. "You do any butting and we'll blow you clean in half!"

Devol shrugged, slipped off his coat, and went into his crouch, his guard down. The stevedore launched a Dutch-winder at George's jaw, but the nimble gambler dodged and let the man's fist strike his skull. The longshoreman was a powerfully built man with height and reach on George, but the gambler's accomplished footwork and agility never let him hit anything but that calloused dome. Soon the stevedore's fists looked like bloody boxing gloves and his arms were too numb to do anything but dangle uselessly at his sides. Devol ended it mercifully with a solid uppercut to the jaw and walked away from the crumpled bully and his awed comrades.

George Devol, the craftiest gambler on the river, who made and lost a dozen fortunes, died broke. He told a friend, "My old head is hard and thick. Maybe that's the reason I never had enough sense to save any money."

As he grew older his reputation became his thorn in the flesh, for it was always getting him into fights and butting bouts.

It is not known when, where, or under what circumstances Devol died. During his sixties he just seemed to fade mysteriously into the legends of the Mississippi. One account has it that he was finally pushed off a steamboat by a disgruntled sucker and was drowned in the muddy waters that had provided the avenue for his adventures and fortunes. At any rate, Devol's fame will always live in the colorful lore of the Mississippi gambler; and, in his case, the man will be able to match the myth.

The Woman Who Collected Coffins

"Tomorrow I leave Berkerekull," Paul Rodin announced to Vera Renczi one night as they embraced on the satin couch. "Will you be sad to see me go?"

The women said nothing for a minute. "I knew you would want to leave me eventually," she whispered softly. "We must drink to what we have been."

Vera rose from the couch, draped a negligee over her shoulders, and walked from the room. When she returned she carried a tray which held a bottle of wine and two glasses. "I have been saving this for such an occasion."

"To what we have been," Paul said, echoing her words. He had taken several swallows of the wine before he noticed that his lover had not joined him in the toast.

"Why aren't you drinking?" he demanded. "The toast was your idea." Then Paul Rodin stood up, suddenly clutching his throat. It seemed to be constricting to the point where no air could reach his lungs. His eyes blurred, then cleared, then blurred again, as a hideous smile came through the fog to him from his lover. Paul knew then that he had been poisoned, and though he tried to reach the women to take his revenge, he crumpled to the floor in agony.

The woman watched dispassionately. A few minutes later her lover was dead.

"Now you will never leave me," Vera Renczi said aloud into the room.

She dragged the dead man out of the room to the cellar door. After she had flicked on a light switch, she dragged the corpse farther, thumping down the stairs. Arrayed around one big room were fifteen coffins, all propped open with a body in each. A sixteenth sat empty. The zinc-lined container already had the name "Paul Rodin" engraved on its outside.

Vera left the body near a table where it would be prepared like the rest of the cadavers in the bizarre crypt.

Then, her negligee flowing behind her as she walked, Vera toured her collection of coffins. No lover had ever walked out on Vera Renczi.

Vera's trouble had begun very early in life. Born in Bucharest of wealthy parents, she had no trouble obtaining everything she wanted. Her mother died when Vera was only a child, and her father had the chore of turning a temperamental and spoiled young girl into a mature woman. He had no idea what a job that could be. Before her fifteenth birthday young Vera had been chased from a boys' dormitory after midnight.

Vera's father's attempts to curb her radical social life were not very successful at first, but he congratulated himself when Vera presented the man whom she said she wanted to marry. Her father quickly agreed, even though the bridegroom-to-be was much older than Vera. Vera bore the man a son, but shortly after the child's birth she told the neighbors that she feared that her husband had left her. The neighbors scoffed at Vera's fears. Her husband was known as a pillar of the community. Vera stuck to her story and after a few months without the presence of the husband everyone believed that the lovely young mother had been deserted. No one could suspect that the man had become coffin number one in the cellar of the house.

Without a mate to keep her home, Vera roamed the streets of the town of Berkerekull, loving dozens of men, until she finally settled upon Josef Renczi. It was shortly after she had received word that her first husband had "died in an automobile accident," that Vera announced her approaching marriage to Renczi.

Renczi had sought thrills, women, and excitement all over Europe, and it was not long before he tired of the workaday world in Berkerekull. Sensing his wandering spirit, Vera made sure that Josef would never leave her side—or at least her cellar. She fed him a dose of poison and watched him die an agonizing death.

From then on Vera Renczi did not bother to marry her victims. If she had made her choice of temporary mates from any other strata of society, she most surely would have been discovered more quickly. But she was content to have and to hold and to kill only those whose presence would not be missed by the permanent residents of the town. It was, in fact, when she changed her choice of man that she was discovered.

Invited to a party in town, Vera noticed a young banker,

who was obviously very much in love with his new wife. Jealousy flashing through Vera's mind, she knew she had to possess that man. After being introduced to the handsome banker, her sophisticated good looks quickly gained his interest. It was not very long thereafter that he was learning the techniques of love from a very experienced mistress.

To Vera's dismay, the banker had a very strong sense of guilt. When his wife announced to him that she was pregnant, he knew he could no longer see his demanding mistress. He paid her one last visit to tell her that their affair had ended. The visit was fatal. Vera already had a coffin inscribed for him in the basement.

But Vera Renczi had never had to contend with a determined wife before. The banker's bride explained to the police that the young man was missing and that he had confessed to having had an affair with Vera Renczi. The police questioned Vera, but she was able to divert them by saying that she did not know that the man was married. Since the police had no other evidence, they had to drop the case.

But the wife of the banker was persistent. She poked around asking questions and finally turned up enough evidence to link Vera with the disappearance of over a dozen men. The police reopened the case and a search of the Renczi house revealed the incredible basement crypt, the body of the young banker, and over thirty other occupied coffins.

In the raid that uncovered this grisly secret the police found Vera Renczi sitting among her lovers. Inspection of the coffins showed that one of them contained the body of a young boy.

"My son," Vera explained coldly. "He threatened to expose me."

When asked why she did it Vera's only explanation was that she could not stand the thought of her lovers in the arms of another woman, so she had successfully kept them "faithful" to her. Vera Renczi entered prison, feeling no remorse for her crimes; but a few years after her imprisonment she went insane, spending the nights laughing and talking with her dead lovers. Not many years later she joined them.

The Rebel Officer Who Defended Fort Sumter

The day after Christmas in 1860 the citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, learned some very disturbing news. While they had been in the midst of a five-day secessionist celebration, the garrison of the United States Army had shifted its position from crumbling Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter.

After the local militia officers had overcome their shock, they investigated the abandoned Fort Moultrie and found that every one of the guns had been spiked and all the wooden gun carriages had been burned. Moreover, all the supplies had been transferred to Fort Sumter, and suddenly Major Robert Anderson, with his guns commanding the harbor, had become somebody to be reckoned with.

Fuming and sputtering, South Carolina officials sent two representatives from their militia to demand that this upstart Anderson return to Fort Moultrie.

"Sir," Colonel J. Johnson Pettigrew informed Anderson, "the state of South Carolina demands that you leave this fort and return to Moultrie." Pettigrew searched the eyes of the short, stolid-looking man who stood across from him. They gave no hint of what was to come.

Pettigrew continued, "By agreement with President Buchanan this fort is the property of the State of South Carolina."

Anderson spoke softly, but his words were distinct: "All agreements with the United States Government and the State of South Carolina ended with the secession. It was my right to move my garrison to this fort."

"The governor demands that you return, sir," Pettigrew said impatiently.

"Take my compliments to the governor and tell him that I refuse to comply with his request." Robert Anderson looked squarely into Pettigrew's eyes. "I cannot and will not go back."

Robert Anderson had been an artillery officer in the United States Army for thirty-five years. He had graduated fifteenth in a West Point class of thirty-seven that included the future president of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis. Anderson's reputation at the Point was that of a hard worker with a strong sense of duty. His superiors held him in high esteem as an artillery officer and he had for a time been an instructor in the use of artillery at West Point.

But it was politics rather than his merits or his influence that had landed Anderson the assignment of the garrison at Charleston. In the last days of Buchanan's term in the Presidency the open hostility toward the incoming Republican Administration was painfully apparent. In an attempt to mollify the southern leaders Buchanan's Secretary of War, Floyd, began replacing the commanders of army outposts in the South with men of southern heritage. Kentucky-born Anderson's name came up on the list.

As the news of the major's surprise move spread through the country, the seceded southern states were embarrassed and the Union was elated. The garrison stationed at Sumter had become a key point in the political tension which increased as Lincoln's inauguration approached. Robert Anderson was a demon and traitor to the South, but in the North he was an overnight hero, with people singing songs about him and writing letters of praise and admiration for his action.

Major Anderson was overwhelmed. To him the situation had been clear. His duty was to move the garrison and he had done it. Nothing more. And even though the move from Moultrie to Sumter had been militarily expedient, the Sumter situation that remained was far from ideal. If hostilities began, the South Carolina militia would have control of Moultrie and the fort controlling the mouth of the harbor from land. If they wanted, the militia could prevent any supplies from reaching Fort Sumter. In addition the fort itself was but half-completed, and in order to make the guns useable each piece would have to be mounted and tested. Anderson set his garrison of staunch Yankees to work and waited for specific orders and supplies from Washington.

Perhaps because he was a peace-loving man Major Anderson made a decision on January 9, 1861, that may have forestalled the beginning of the Civil War.

An unarmed supply ship, the *Star of the West*, steamed into view of the fort. The sight of it roused the hearts of the garrison, for they knew that the ship contained much-needed supplies and, perhaps, reinforcements. The forts on the South Carolina shore opened fire, and even though the major had his men ready the guns, he could not bring himself to have them fire on land-based cannons. The supply ship was forced to turn and flee and Fort Sumter, already short of supplies, was denied her assistance.

As time wore on and supplies ran short, Anderson and his men mounted every available gun and were prepared to man them if necessary. Lincoln had inherited Buchanan's problem and Major Anderson received no new orders. The last communication he had had from the Government had instructed him, if at all possible, to "hold out until the 11th or 12th of April" when a naval expedition headed by Commander Gustavus Fox would be there to relieve him.

But Sumter had become a bone in the throat of the Secession. South Carolina newspapers spared no ink to point out that the Secession would never succeed in winning over the border states if a garrison of seventy men could completely close the biggest southern port from all the outside world.

With his instructions to hold out at Fort Sumter Anderson knew that the war would come, but he wondered if Washington had waited too long—the garrison rations had been reduced to two crackers a day.

Though the fort had been ordered to stand fast until relief arrived, the southerners who manned the cannons and forts around Charleston Harbor had other plans. The commander of these troops, General Beauregard, had studied artillery under Anderson at West Point and had some surprises arranged for his former master.

One day the garrison was startled by a blast in the direction of a small sand island in the harbor. When the smoke had cleared, Anderson found that his former pupil had mounted four cannons in sod embankments behind the cover of some dilapidated buildings. The guns covered Anderson's rear and virtually made one tier of his cannons unuseable.

In yet another surprise move Beauregard built a floating battery and launched it to cover the one side of the fort which had not been surveyed by any other of the southerners' guns. When the firing started, Sumter would fall prey to cannons on all sides. But even more important, the relief expedition, which would have had a difficult enough time to begin with, was surely doomed.

On April 11 General Beauregard delivered a politely worded ultimatum. After Sumter's officers had heard the terms offered for the withdrawal, the garrison staff collectively urged Anderson to reject Beauregard's demands.

For fear of losing the lives of many of his men Anderson ordered only the guns not exposed to enemy fire to be used in the inevitable battle, thus restricting about half of his cannons from use. At about midnight Anderson was informed that he could expect to be fired upon and at 4:30 A.M. all of Beauregard's guns began pelting Fort Sumter with shot and shells. Anderson had issued orders for no return fire until dawn.

At six o'clock Fort Sumter began to return the fire of the Confederacy. As all the positions around the Charleston harbor were extremely well fortified, the effect of the noisy battle was negligible. During the entire first day of the bombardment not a single individual in Sumter was killed or wounded. The bombardment had taken its toll, however, for the barracks and officers' quarters had begun to burn.

On the next day Anderson's rate of fire was reduced to one shot every five minutes while he and his men battled to keep the flames away from the magazine.

Later the fort was surprised to see a man in a Confederate uniform walking outside of its walls. His boat had landed in thick smoke and had been unobserved. The man, Colonel Louis Wigfall, asked Anderson what terms he would accept to cease fire and evacuate. Major Anderson could barely believe his ears. The Confederates could dictate practically any terms they wanted, yet they were asking for his conditions.

But shortly afterward another delegation from the Confederate officers appeared and informed Anderson that Wigfall had not been authorized to ask for surrender terms.

"I thought it was too good to be true," Anderson remarked to one of his officers. "Well, then, gentlemen, I will commence firing when you reach the shore," he announced to the delegation.

The Confederate officers had not expected that, but looking at the weary officer before them, they knew he meant it. They had a hasty conference and agreed that Anderson and his men could withdraw under his terms.

On Sunday, April 14, the garrison marched out of Fort Sumter. Anderson carried the tattered and powder-burned flag while the band played *Yankee Doodle* and the saluting cannons fired fifty rounds. The trip out to the steamer *Isabel* was short, but the boat passed thousands of silent, Confederate soldiers, who stood erect, hat in hand, out of respect for the gallant band who had defended the fort so well. Sumter had taken six hundred direct hits from Beauregard's cannons, yet in the entire battle the only casualty had been a horse on Morris Island.

Major Anderson became the first Union hero. Lincoln promoted him to brigadier general. When asked why he had defended Sumter with such tenacity, even though a southerner, Robert Anderson's reply was a tribute to character:

"It's true I'm a southerner," he said. "But the selection of the place where we were born was not an act of our own volition. When I took the oath of allegiance to my Government, it was an act of my manhood. That oath I could not break."

Rhymes from the Spirit World

"Certain things had happened to me when alone in my room which convinced me that there are spiritual intelligences which can warn us and advise us."

Who made this statement? A crackpot? Someone hoodwinked by a phoney spirit medium? The man who said these words was none of these. In fact he won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1923, wrote thirty-five books of poetry, plays, essays and criticism, organized the Irish Literary Society of London and Dublin, founded the Irish Literary Theater, and was a Senator from the Irish Free State.

William Butler Yeats has often been unfairly criticized as being "dream-headed and absentminded," but the list of things which he accomplished during his productive life shows the lack of truth in such criticism. Yeats's desire to be a whole man led him down the mysterious path of the mystic and brought him into contact with the most noted spiritualists and psychics of his day. This interest in the paranormal brought him great criticism from the more dogmatically traditional people of his day.

Even from childhood Yeats had a great interest in the imaginative world of the occult. His mother told him fairy tales and folk tales while his father, a pre-Raphaelite painter, gave him an education befitting an artist. His stimulated imagination led him to study the occult under a man named George Russell in Dublin. While still a young man Yeats and some friends formed the Dublin Hermetic Society, and Russell's house became a meeting place for many young imaginative thinkers, philosophers, and visionaries, all sharing Yeats's interest in the power of the symbol in man's life.

Yeats had a favorite uncle who was a strong believer in the supernatural. Together they would share visions when Yeats came to visit. Once, the uncle was taken sick with a fever, and Yeats was able to soothe him by simply thinking of the symbol of water. The doctor, who looked in on the uncle, was surprised to find him resting easily. When Yeats explained what he had done, the doctor passed it off as simply a form of hypnotism.

The psychic side of Yeats's life had a great influence on the work which eventually won him the Nobel Prize for literature. On one occasion he made an invocation to the moon for seven nights in succession. He was finally rewarded with a vision of a centaur and a woman shooting at a star. This could, perhaps, have been passed off as the construction of a wearied mind after so long a vigil, but people all over the area, some of them friends of Yeats's reported seeing the vision at the same time. This particular incident appeared in Yeats's poetry many times and in the poetry of such friends as Arthur Symons.

Yeats was convinced that great truths could be learned from the spiritual side of man—truths which, in fact, could not be comprehended in any other manner. To this end he investigated the spirit world of the magician and the seer, hoping to understand more clearly the value and power of the symbol over men.

Although he became a frequent visitor at the seances of some of the more famous mediums in Britain and Ireland, Yeats felt that the seance was simply a device to be used by those who could not induce visions with their own power. But at one of the seances, before he had reached the age of twenty, Yeats became so emotionally disturbed that he banged his head into the table and cried out as if he were in great anguish. After this incident he refused to attend another seance for many years and did not resume his visits until after he had met the astounding American medium, Margery Crandon. Yeats met the remarkable lady while on a lecture tour in America in 1910, and after sitting around her table for several sessions, he became reconvinced of the value of spiritualism in his campaign to become a whole man.

Shortly after he married in 1917 Yeats and his wife began experimenting with automatic writing. To their surprise, Mrs. Yeats was extremely successful with this form of "spirit" communication, and Yeats filled many notebooks with the messages which had come to his wife.

While on a lecture tour in California Yeats found that the spirit guide that was giving his wife advice through automatic writing would also answer questions through the voice of Mrs. Yeats while she lay asleep. This proved a great asset in Yeats's investigation of the spirit world, as the automatic writing was physically exhausting for his wife. Yeats identified his spirit guide as Leo Africanus, who was actually a sixteenth century traveler, poet, and geographer.

This spirit dictation came accompanied with strange sounds and peculiar, unexplainable odors. Sometimes the odor would be of snuffed candles and, other times, the thick smell of flowers.

Although Yeats laid great stress on the value of the spiritualistic side of man, he trusted no medium completely except for his wife. He remained constantly skeptical of the words of the professional mediums, realizing the hit-and-miss nature of their insights. Yeats sought truth above all else.

Yeats's verse could not help but be affected by his dabbling in the occult, and the imagery of his poetry is strongly influenced by the experiences he shared with the uncharted world of the paranormal.

Perhaps because his age had largely shed the garments and the trappings of religious symbolism, Yeats had to find another source of symbols for his strongly metaphysical poetry. His search for a new way to express his ideas naturally brought him into contact with mediums and mystics, a contact that became integral to the body of work which was judged worthy of the Nobel Prize.

The Death Wind

Had the four Shawnee braves seated around the campfire been able to see the man who watched them from a nearby clump of brush they might have been frightened into immobility.

The man in the bushes was tall and swarthy with black, mangy hair that resembled a horse's mane and a face that was fixed in a perpetual scowl.

As the Indians prepared to sleep the man loosened a tomahawk from his belt and grasped it firmly in his right hand, biding his time until all movement in the little camp ceased. Then he arose and began moving with silent speed toward the embers of the fire.

The struggle lasted only a short time as the tall man's hatchet slashed again and again into unprotected flesh. A surviving member of the Shawnee hunting party was sped on his way by cackling, hideous laughter and a long wailing call, which all the Red Men of the time knew as the death howl. Lew Wetzel had struck again.

Born in 1763 in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, Wetzel's family moved west when he was only a year old and set up a homestead in West Virginia, close to Fort Henry. No frontier family could help having a few skirmishes with the Indians in those days, but the Wetzels seemed to attract more than their share of Indian trouble. At age ten Lew Wetzel killed his first Indian by firing through a loophole in the side of Fort Beeler during an attack. A year or so later Lew and his brother Martin spotted two Indians resting on a log. Lew maneuvered around until he had the braves lined up, then used only one shot to kill them both. Another time young Lew went to rescue the family plow horse that had been stolen and returned with two scalps on his belt.

Lew did not become a confirmed Indian hater, however, until he reached age thirteen. He and his younger brother Jacob were home alone when two Shawnee braves decided the time had come to raid the Wetzel farm. Lew was shot as he walked out the door of the house. The rifle ball from the Indian's rifle wounded him in the chest and tore away part of his breastbone. Both he and Jacob were taken prisoner by the Shawnee braves, relieved of their shoes, and hustled along through the forest.

After nightfall the Shawnee braves called a halt and the Wetzel brothers fell in a heap on the ground, too exhausted to do anything but sleep. The Shawnees left them alone and saw to their own needs. But Lew Wetzel, wounded or not, was never too tired to escape the clutches of his captors. Before dawn he aroused little Jacob and together they stole away from camp. Lew soon realized that they could not get far on their raw, uncovered feet, so he crept back into camp and stole the Indians' moccasins. As if this were not enough, Lew went back yet another time to retrieve the rifle which the Indians had stolen from the Wetzel farm.

The two Wetzels spent the next day playing hide and seek with their former captors. The brothers reached the Ohio by nightfall, and, working feverishly, they constructed a crude log raft. On the fourth day after they had been kidnapped Lew staggered into Fort Henry carrying Jacob. In a loud voice Lew told everybody within earshot that he had found his life's work: From that day forth he would do nothing but kill Indians.

Lew set out with admirable dedication. He conditioned himself to run long distances without losing his wind. He practiced with the rifle until he could load the six-foot piece while running full speed—a feat that has astounded gun collectors and weapons enthusiasts ever since.

But Lew's training also included a little hunting on the side. Believing that practical experience was as essential to Indian hunting as stamina and skill, Lew Wetzel dug a small foxholelike opening in the side of a hill overlooking Wheeling Creek and learned patience while waiting for unsuspecting Indians to pass. By the tally stick which he kept at the location, Wetzel killed eleven men from the side of the hill before the word got out and no Indian would dare pass under it.

With his knowledge of the terrain Lew was an invaluable scout for any expedition traveling through the area. He hired on as a scout for Colonel William Crawford, who was leading a military force against the Indian town of Sandusky. But Crawford would not take the word of his scout when the dark-eyed frontiersman told him that an ambush had been prepared for the troops only one day's ride out of Fort Henry. Lew Wetzel shrugged his shoulders and took to the woods, wanting no further part of Crawford's expedition. He was one of the few survivors.

With the death of his father at the hands of Shawnee, Lew Wetzel set out on the killing spree that confirmed his reputation among the Indians. Stories around Fort Henry came from both Indian captives and white men, who walked upon cold campfires with dead bodies strewn around them. The Indians told of a strange scream that sounded like a rising wind which always accompanied the deaths. No frontier Sherlock Holmes was required to figure out who had been doing the killing, since everybody in the settlement had been noticing the fresh scalps hanging from Lew Wetzel's belt.

When there were no expeditions to work for, Lew became sort of a free-lance scout, moving around the Ohio Valley at will, wandering into settlements to tell the leaders of the Indian sign that he had seen, killing a few braves now and then just to keep sharp. Once Wetzel covered over 175 miles on foot to gain the bounty on the first Indian scalp brought in to Major McMechen, who had been beset by Indian atrocities.

After the Revolutionary War Lew was hired by the administrator of the newly created Northwest Territories as a scout. General Josiah Harmar did not realize what he was in for and, for that matter, neither did Lew Wetzel. To Lew, one Indian was like all the rest and he did not hesitate to shoot, kill, and scalp a Pawnee brave that Harmar had also hired as a scout. While Harmar was signing the warrant for Lew's arrest on a charge of murder, Lew himself was whisked out of the Northwest Territory by friends.

When Harmar sent a company of men after Wetzel, they were confronted by a brigade of armed frontiersmen, who made it clear that Lew Wetzel would not be taken from Virginia. But Lew was captured a short time later and brought back before his accuser.

With Lew Wetzel in chains General Harmar had a problem. If the Indian killer were executed, Harmar would have the entire frontier in arms against him. The general decided to wait.

Harmar was still waiting when Lew escaped. The Indian fighter had been given the right to daily exercise and he made liberal use of the time by running up and down within the fort. Lew's keen eyes had spotted two well-placed chinks in the nine-foot wall, and he estimated that they were in a good position to help him over the wall and to safety. A few days later Wetzel vaulted the wall and disappeared into the woods.

But the fortunes of Indian hunting began to turn against him. His own ruthlessness had a lot to do with it. In hot pursuit of a couple of Shawnee hunters, Lew ran directly into another party of Shawnee and was taken prisoner.

The nemesis of the Red Man was sentenced to die at the stake, but Wetzel was saved by an elderly man of the tribe, who wanted to adopt him. Lew did not know what to think of the adoption scheme, but he thought it sounded better than the stake. When his benefactor had led Wetzel far away from the village, he cut the thongs which bound the frontiersman and told him to go his way. Lew returned the favor by shooting the old man in the back and stealing his horse.

When asked about it later, Wetzel said simply, "I needed the horse."

But "Death Wind," as he had come to be known among the Indians, could not hold back civilization forever, and even though he knew that there were more Indians left in the country, he realized that his days of Indian killing were numbered. He died in Natchez at the age of forty-four. Those who had kept score claimed that Lew Wetzel had killed between 125 and 150 Indians in individual combat, and no one dared estimate how many he might have shot from the loopholes of forts. Wetzel was surely the most ruthless and the most successful Indian fighter that frontier America ever knew.

Belle Boyd, the Confederacy's Shapely Spy

When word reached the saloon that a girl had hung a Confederate flag from her bedroom window, a mob of Yankee soldiers drunkenly decided to storm the offending house and tear down the Dixie banner.

It was the Fourth of July, 1861, and the Union forces had recently occupied the town of Martinsburg, West Virginia. In the midst of a roaring celebration the Yankee troopers had begun to take out their anger over the early Southern victories on the populace. Windows were smashed, street lights were shot out, and many "prizes of war" were seized. The surly, drunken mob that surged toward the Boyd home were in no mood to brook such an open act of defiance as the hanging of the stars and bars from a bedroom window.

"Where is that damn Rebel rag!" a bewhiskered sergeant shouted, forcing the lady of the house, Mrs. Ben Boyd, back toward her drawing room. "We've come to tear it down!"

The men began advancing, some staggering, toward the woman who planted herself staunchly before them. At that moment Mrs. Boyd was joined by her seventeen-year-old daughter, and the sight of the full-blown Belle stopped the men in their tracks faster than a cannonload of cannister.

"Yahoo!" howled a young private from Massachusetts, giving his squeaky-voiced imitation of a Rebel yell. "Look-a-see what we have here!"

Belle's eyes were full of contempt and she sneered as only a beautiful woman can. "Did you invite this Yankee trash into our parlor, Mother?"

"Most certainly not," Mrs. Boyd assured her. "They gave ample evidence of their lack of proper breeding by simply pushing their way into the house."

The thick-shouldered, bewhiskered sergeant spat a wad of chewing tobacco at Mrs. Boyd's feet and held his men in check with a meaningful glare. "We aim to tear down that flag you got hanging from your window. Now step aside!"

"Flag!" Belle echoed. "Whatever are you talking about, Sergeant?" Belle smiled teasingly at the gaping soldiers. She knew that while she and her mother were stalling the Yankees in the parlor, a maid was removing the flag from the window and hiding it under the covers of a bed.

A tall infantryman stepped forward and unfurled a Union flag. "Come on, fellas," he said, "let's wipe our feet on the Rebel rag and raise this over their roof!"

There were shouts of approval from the Union troops, but Mrs. Boyd made herself heard over the din. "Men, every member of this household will die before that flag is raised over us!"

The man carrying the flag cursed the woman and pushed her roughly aside. "There's going to be some more dead Rebels, then," he said.

Belle felt a hot rush of rage sweep through her. She drew a pistol out of her dress and fired point blank at the man. The trooper fell to the floor, dead, still clutching the Union flag.

The rest of the soldiers ran out of the house in drunken fright. Once outside, they realized that they were running from a teen-aged girl and began firing into the home from the outside. Stubbornly Belle returned their fire and maintained a steady fusillade until some sober federal officers and troops arrived to break up the melee. As the corpse of the dead man was carted from the Boyd house, the officers offered their sincere apologies. It was a terrible thing, they decided, that such a young and beautiful woman had been forced to kill a man, and a guard was posted at her door to protect her family from similar incidents. Somehow, while bathing in the radiant glow of Belle's beauty, it never occurred to them that she, an enemy, had murdered one of their soldiers!

Belle Boyd was perhaps the most stunning rebel rouser who ever existed. In a day when public comment on a lady's physical attributes was considered in bad taste, if not taboo, many a contemporary journalist could not help himself when describing Belle Boyd. The charming young lady was seventeen in 1861; and even at that tender age she was able to turn the head of any single man she wanted—and most of the married. Her hair was a curly rich brown. She decked herself in great plumed hats with beautiful displays of feathers. Men who could attest to the fact—and there were several who could—said that she had the finest pair of legs in the Confederacy.

Belle was born in Martinsburg, Virginia, which, at the secession of Virginia from the Union, became Martinsburg, *West* Virginia—much to Belle's dismay. Her childhood was spent romping through the lovely countryside of the Shenandoah Valley.

Although her mature figure was emphatically feminine, throughout her youth she had been something of a tomboy. She had ridden horses and had climbed trees with the best of them; and, though few of the Shenandoah boys cared to admit it, she was hard to beat in any feat of athletic prowess or skill.

With the coming of maturity Belle's interests changed. By the time she was seventeen she considered herself a "true lady" and was busy perfecting the best methods of dealing with men.

Belle found it bitterly ironic that by the time her interest in men became strong, their interest in war and politics got even stronger. The little Martinsburg society was torn in half by the secession of the Southern states. Belle Boyd found her true cause with the Confederacy. Her father, though much older than the usual foot soldier, took the rank of private in the Confederate army and joined General Stonewall Jackson's forces.

For a while Belle was contented with the usual employments of wartime women, but her impetuous spirit showed through before very long. After seeing her father off to battle, and, later, having to watch the slow retreat of the Confederate forces through her home town, Belle felt that it was time that she began to play a more active role in the war. She nursed wounded Confederate soldiers until July 4, 1861, when the drunken celebration convinced her that she was capable of the physical demands of a spy.

To the shock of the other Confederate sympathizers in the town, their beautiful Belle began to fraternize with the enemy. Officers came to the Boyd home every day, "to see if she had any complaint," and she suddenly began to show a willingness to ease many of their own. On no instruction but her own strong will she began working the officers for information and, with her charms, got good results.

Belle was instinctively a spy, but she had a lot to learn. She sent her messages to her greatest hero, General Jackson, or to Jeb Stuart, whoever was closer, but the messages were not in any kind of code. It wasn't long before a communiqué was intercepted and Belle was called into the Union commanding officer's tent.

"Do you know, Miss Boyd, that we could hang you from the highest tree for what you have done?" the officer asked her after he had read aloud pertinent sections from the articles of war.

Courageous or foolhardy, Belle remained her saucy self. She made an elaborate curtsy to the officers standing around the tent and said, "Thank you, gentlemen of the jury."

In a swirl of petticoats Belle Boyd turned and walked away from the astonished officers. She knew as well as anybody that no officer would hang a seventeen-year-old girl in 1861—even if she were an enemy agent.

She continued to use the gallantry of the Northern male to her advantage, but after the first incident with the Union officers she realized how much more careful she would have to be with the information she garnered for the Southern armies. Contacts gave her a cipher code to use and her spying, in spite of her lack of training, became much more effective.

Because of Belle's excellent horsemanship and her proximity to the battle areas Southern commanders often used her as a courier. She rode hard and fast and her tomboy training paid off. Once, Belle was captured, sent to Baltimore, tried and released with a stern warning, but was soon at it again.

Her family had moved South to Baltimore and Belle joined them at Front Royal, some forty miles south of Martinsburg. To Belle's indignation, the town was infested with Yankees. Her spirits lifted, however, when she learned that her uncle's hotel had been taken over by the Union officers and was being used as a headquarters. Seizing this opportunity as a kind of secret agent's gold mine, Belle quickly became friendly with the Union officers.

As soon as she was able to figure out in which suite the Union staff meetings were being held, the pretty little rebel knocked a knot out of the floor in a closet above the room. There Belle listened, not with understanding but with a tape-recorder memory, to the plans being laid for a major Federal drive.

Belle kept her ear to the hole in the floor until this meeting broke up at about one in the morning. She hurried to the house where her mother and her uncle's family had been quartered and wrote out what she knew in cipher. Then, almost without breaking stride, she ran to the stable, picked out a horse and was off, her black cape trailing in the wind.

She had vamped a pass out of a Union officer and confidently reined in her sweating horse when she approached a picket. Belle muttered incoherently about severe sickness in her family. The picket, seeing the pass, let her go by. She came to another picket and told the same story.

Belle raced on through the night, branches and twigs whipping her face. Her goal was a house fifteen miles from Front Royal where she had been told she could send a message to Colonel Ashby, General Jackson's head spy. After racing through the night she finally came to the door of the house. Belle leaped from the horse and unceremoniously pounded on the door until someone inquired who was there.

"Belle Boyd. I've got a message for Colonel Ashby." The door cracked open and a pair of eyes looked out. Seeing that she was alone, the door was cracked farther.

"Colonel Ashby is quartered down the road a piece," the suspicious voice said.

Belle was remounting her horse when Ashby himself loomed out of the darkness of the door.

"Good lord, Belle, is that you?" he muttered unbelievingly. "It's all right," he said to the other person in the room, opening the door wide.

Belle did not give him a chance to say anything more. She handed him the coded message and blurted out her story. After she had finished she ran to her horse, the foam still on its flanks, and started out again. Belle had to be back at Front Royal by morning.

Once again she flew through the night, back over the path she had traveled earlier. The same branches whipped her face and the cloak trailed out over the back of the horse as her phantom figure raced over the roads toward Front Royal.

This time Belle did not bother with a pass but raced full-speed through the sleepy Northern pickets. The first light of dawn streaked the east as she flew toward the last picket before Front Royal. She heard a shot and a rifle ball whizzed passed her head.

By the time the peaceful sunrise colored the landscape Belle Boyd lay in her bed. On a ride as romantic as Revere's she had provided the Confederacy with much valuable information.

In the spring of 1863 Stonewall Jackson was on the march. His military methods struck the Northern commanders as being unorthodox, almost ridiculous, but the results of the maneuvers could not be scorned. The brilliance of the man was impossible to deny.

Belle Boyd listened with pride to the reports of her hero's exploits. Jackson would feint in several directions at once and then, employing long secret marches along the Shenandoah frontier, smash the enemy where they least expected it.

Belle's disposition would not let her sit along the sidelines and cheer. She had to be on the move, doing something for her beloved South. Her dream that she could cooperate directly with the forces of her hero, Stonewall Jackson, was about to come true.

Jackson had made several well-timed and effective feints and had begun a secret march on Front Royal to capture the stores that the Union had stocked there. His advanced forces were within a mile of the town before anybody knew that he was in the area. The town erupted into a storm of bluecoated activity as the Yankees prepared to fire the storehouse and burn the bridges across the river.

Belle Boyd ran to her porch and, seeing all the activity, realized that something important must be happening. She questioned a man and found that Jackson had miraculously appeared outside of Front Royal.

Belle snatched up her opera glasses and ran to the second story of the house. The gray uniforms advancing about three-quarters of a mile away must have been a splendid sight for her Rebel eyes. Having established close contact with all the Union officers of Front Royal, she knew the military situation well. She knew that Jackson's troops could storm the town and take it easily because of the token Union force that was present.

She ran to the street, knowing that this information had to get through to General Jackson. She tried to persuade several men to carry the message, but they all told her to take it herself. So she did. She grabbed a plumed sunbonnet and was underway.

Getting through the Union lines was not easy. In some places Belle had to crawl beneath wagons carrying heavy guns. When she reached the pickets she broke for the open fields. The rifle balls of the Union soldiers whizzed past her head and soon Belle was caught in a cross fire of Union and

Confederate bullets. Driven by terror, courage, and some unnameable demon within her, she pressed on.

Belle mounted a small rise and, seeing the advancing body of gray uniforms, took off her gay sunbonnet and waved them on. The astounded Louisiana Brigade and Maryland Infantry answered her encouraging gesture with a cheer.

Belle ran on, hoping to find someone to whom she might relay her store of information. A figure on a horse rode toward her. He had been sent to investigate the presence of a woman on the battlefield.

Harry Douglas described the scene in his memoirs. He first noted the stunning proportions of the woman who approached him. Even on the battlefield Belle's physical attributes were not to be denied their due recognition. As he rode closer he recognized the woman as one whom he "had known from her girlhood."

"Great God, Belle, why are you here?" he asked over the roar of cannons.

After catching her breath, Belle explained. Douglas assured her that the information would go directly to General Jackson.

Then, her message delivered, Belle started back through the same hell which she had just traversed!

The day turned out to be another of Jackson's phenomenal coups. The rebels moved in too fast for the evacuating Yankee troops. Although many buildings and bridges were put to the torch, several of them were saved and the Southerners pushed on to smash and rout their opposition. Belle's daring performance contributed much to the Confederate success.

"Belle Rebelle," as she was dubbed by the French papers, once said that she was really looking for her true love during the entire war. In spite of her Southern leanings, the political convictions of the male in question had little to do with her search. Spying seemed to be Belle's excuse to get next to as many gentlemen as she could. It was eventually to prove her undoing.

Belle's interest in officers sprang naturally from the nature of her work and her own high standards. One day she saw a man in a Confederate uniform walking the streets of Front Royal. This was a strange sight since Jackson had disappeared as quickly as he had appeared. The Yankees had moved back into the little town.

The man said he was a Confederate soldier on parole, soon to be exchanged to the South. This time it was Belle's head that was turned. He quickly became her love and Belle was convinced of his loyalty.

Belle's maid warned her that she had seen the man being very friendly with the Yankees. Belle passed it off, but the thought nagged her for a while.

Finally Belle asked him point blank if he were a Yankee agent. He denied it flatly and this seemed to satisfy the romantic Rebel. Belle asked him to carry some messages through the lines when he returned South and he agreed. After the officer had the messages in his possession, he showed his true color—blue—and reported the whole business to his Federal superiors. Belle was arrested and carted off to Washington.

For the first time in her career as a spy Belle was scared. This was a situation from which her womanly charm could not extricate her. On top of it all she had lost in love, which must have sorely wounded her pride.

Belle was promptly thrown into the old Capital prison. In this dreary place, surprisingly, Belle's spirit returned. She made friends with an imprisoned officer of the Confederacy and soon they were much more than friends. She constantly baited the guards by singing bawdy songs. The guards came in one day to reprimand her and after they had left the lady grabbed a broom and swept up after them.

Later in the war Belle was exchanged. After a hero's welcome in Richmond she boldly went right back to Martinsburg, which was still in Union territory. Within hours Belle was picked up and thrown back into prison.

The second sojourn in prison had its telling effects. Belle was used to action and she soon fell ill cooped up in the cell of Carroll prison. When the doctor prescribed strenuous activity as a remedy, the chivalrous Northerners (it seemed as though they never learned) shipped her South once again. This time Belle decided to stay below the Mason-Dixon line, as her Yankee captors had warned her in explicit terms of the dire trouble she would be in if she were again captured in Union territory.

Belle could serve her beloved Confederacy in other ways. On May 8, 1864, Belle set out on the blockade runner *Greyhound* with secret dispatches for Britain. The risk was still heavy. Messages from Richmond to European powers were frowned upon by the Federal government.

The *Greyhound* left Wilmington, North Carolina, and was not more than an hour on her journey when she was overtaken by Union gunboats. Belle burned her dispatches as Union sailors boarded the blockade runner, and the lovely spy tried to hide under the identity of "Mrs. Lewis."

True to form, Belle started a shipboard romance with U.S. Ensign Samuel Hardinge. Despite his Yankee leanings, Belle knew that Hardinge was the man for her, and Belle lost no time convincing the ensign that she was the right girl for him. She also lost little time persuading him to arrange to have the Southern captain escape.

The ensign was busted and kicked out of the navy for neglect of duty, but that did not alter his passion for Belle. Hardinge followed Belle to Europe and eventually caught up with her in Liverpool. There they were married at a much publicized wedding.

Won over by Belle's Rebel philosophy, Hardinge headed back to the warring states, carrying dispatches for the South. He slipped into Boston first to see his parents and there he was captured as a Southern spy. Belle remained in England, worrying about her husband until the war was almost over. At the end she was penniless, as she had sold everything she had to support herself.

Hardinge joined Belle in England in 1865, after the war, but soon died of diseases he had contracted while imprisoned. At twenty-one Belle Boyd was a widow.

"Belle Rebelle" became an actress in England and later in America. She died in Wisconsin in 1900. A friend erected a tombstone and chiseled her epitaph, "Confederate Spy." It would appeal to Belle's penchant for the ironic that her earthly remains lie buried deep in Yankee country.

The One-Man Lost-and-Found Department

Ever since he was a child in Denbigh, Wales, Arthur Roberts had been able to locate missing persons and objects. Anxious parents came to him for word of a lost child; distraught housewives sought the location of lost rings; feuding heirs beseeched him to uncover the hiding place of lost wills. In an incredibly high percentage of the cases young Arthur was able to "see" the missing person or possession.

Arthur Roberts emigrated to the United States and settled down in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Here the friendly Welshman acquired the nickname of Doc, because, as one of his neighbors put it, he was "always trying to help somebody."

Once, Doc Roberts was able to uncover crucial evidence which saved an innocent man from execution only hours before the unjustly imprisoned man was scheduled to walk the last mile.

Perhaps the most dramatic of his cases occurred when Doc Roberts was staying at a Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, hotel where there had been an unsolved murder two years before.

"We've heard a lot of stories about you," said the sheriff when he learned of Doc Roberts' arrival. "I know that you're here on vacation, but I would sure appreciate it if you would try to help us find out who killed that fellow up in that hotel room."

Doc Roberts agreed to try. He was given an article of the murder victim's clothing. After handling the item of wearing apparel for a few moments, Doc closed his eyes and described the victim down to the minutest detail. But, try as he might, he was unable to get any image at all of the killer.

"Thanks anyway," the sheriff said, trying to mask his disappointment. "It sure was impressive the way you were able to describe the murder victim and all, but I guess this is one killer who committed the perfect murder."

Doc sat in his chair a long time, fingering the victim's clothing, then trying desperately to come up with a picture of the murderer. Why, he asked himself, why won't a picture come?

The next morning a bleary-eyed and exhausted Doc Roberts walked into the sheriff's office. The psychic had forced himself to sit up all night and concentrate on the murder until a mind-picture had come to him. Psychically Doc had been able to witness the crime and he now had the information which the authorities had been seeking. Doc Roberts named the killer and told the astounded officers that they would find their man in British Columbia, working as a Royal Mounted Policeman. A subsequent investigation established the fact that Doc Roberts had been totally correct.

Just at the close of the Thirties a well-wisher said to Doc Roberts, "All you want to do is to help people. Good folks like you ought to live forever."

Doc Roberts smiled. "I'm just happy that I'll live to see the close of the decade. They will be walking me to the graveyard soon after."

Somewhere along the way Doc Roberts must have acquired a bit of the gift of prophecy in addition to his other impressive extrasensory abilities. To friends and family he accurately predicted the day of his death on January 2, 1940.

The Man Who Invented the Mickey

Behind the bar a short, stocky man smiled at a customer and pointed out a sign behind the bar.

"Try a Mickey Finn Special or Try a Number Two," the sign clearly read.

"I tell you boy," the bartender said, "it'll give you a kick you'll never forget." Like most of the customers, the man scoffed. Men did not walk Chicago's South State Street in the 1890's and expect to be put under by a single drink.

"What's in it?"

"It's the specialty of the house," the short bartender continued, a cigar working from one corner of his mouth to the other. "The Number Two is nothing more than beer with a shot of my special brand and the Mickey Finn Special is my special brand straight. Nobody ever drinks more than one."

"We'll see about that. Set 'em up!"

The bartender worked quickly while the customer waited and the foaming glass of beer appeared underneath the thirsty man's nose in record time. He sipped at it cautiously. It did not taste different from the beer that came straight from the tap and, letting caution slide, he downed the rest of it.

"Hey, that was all right," he yelled loudly down the bar. "Let's have another."

The little bartender hurried back to the man, another stein in his hand. Before the man had finished the second stein he had admitted that the Number Two was more than the average beer. By the time he got around to ordering another, he could barely drawl the words. The room began to spin, the faces and the sounds around him whirling together, going faster and faster until his mind blanked.

He came to in the alley, the hard, stony ground kneading his back, the trash barrels towering over his head like cylindrical mountains.

The man's head throbbed and the world still spun as he picked himself from the ground, too groggy to notice that his clothes had been exchanged for castoff rags and that he had no shoes on his feet.

Michael Finn had really hit upon a gold mine. He first bought his "specialty" from a renegade voodoo doctor named Hall, who worked the joints on Chicago's rough Whiskey Row in the 1890's. The man had called it "chloral hydrate," but it was soon to gain the name of its first and most notorious user—Mickey Finn.

When a customer had been drugged, Mickey would complain loudly to the other patrons in the establishment about those guys "who couldn't hold their liquor." Then he would don his derby hat and drag the victim off into the back room to "sober up." To the regular employees of the Lone Star Saloon, the back room had gained the name, the "operating room," for it was here that Mickey Finn and his busty wife, Kate Rose, would strip an unconscious man of anything valuable before dragging him out in the alley.

Mickey Finn had come up on the hard side of life. Even before he hit Chicago in 1890 he had a reputation for being one of the roughest little men in the Midwest. He got a job working for a saloon owner called Toronto Jim, and though Finn had been originally slated to tend bar, his quarrelsome nature and quick fists soon earned him the position of bouncer. Finn liked his work too well for Toronto Jim. The bar owner let him go after a fight in which Mickey gouged the eye of a customer with a corkscrew over a sixty-cent tab.

Out of a job, Mickey built up a stake rolling drunks and picking pockets until he had enough to buy the Lone Star outright. With legal and illegal business booming, he later invested in the Palm Gardens. Mickey's drug concoction had become famous in the underworld, but Mickey himself had built up a reputation for being the best fence in Chicago, and the finest stolen goods always passed through his hands.

Finn seemed impregnable. The South-side police were liberally supplied with good cigars and they could always count on a little extra cash if they needed it. The city politicians, like Hinky Dink Michael Kenna and Bathhouse John Coughlin, counted on his connections to make sure the ballot boxes were liberally spiked with enough votes to bring them back to their chairs at the city council table.

A woman proved to be Michael Finn's undoing. In 1903 a barfly named Gold-Tooth Mary offered to buy the Lone Star from him. Finn looked at the woman as if she were crazy, then refused. But Gold-Tooth Mary had her heart set on owning that saloon. She flew into a rage, pulled a hat pin from her purse, and jabbed it through the little bartender's hand before she stormed out.

Later the woman testified before a city commission investigating crime in Chicago, and all of Michael Finn's friends could not help him when his liquor license was revoked by the mayor and the doors of his two thriving establishments were closed permanently in the winter of 1903.

Mickey Finn spent the remainder of his life peddling the drug that had earned his name, and the last time he came before the public eye was in 1918, when Chicago police caught him selling booze without a license and running a disorderly house. From that date the man faded into obscurity, but his name, Mickey Finn, has remained as his legacy to the American vocabulary.

Gerard Croiset, Clairvoyant Extraordinary

On May 23, 1950, the seminude body of a seventeen-year-old girl was found outside of Arnhem, Holland. The investigating police searched the remote grassy area for clues, but found nothing other than the body. An autopsy showed that the girl had had sexual intercourse before she died.

In the investigation which followed, the police questioned many men who had known the girl, but no leads developed. The officers were, in fact, almost ready to give up the active investigation of the case when someone suggested that they try calling a man named Gerard Croiset, a former grocer, who then lived in Utrecht, and who had been able to help police officials in Holland on other occasions.

Some of those involved scoffed. They had heard of Croiset. He claimed to be a telepath, a man who could see the past and the future, as well as the present, and yet be many miles away from the scene of the crime. But with no clue to aid them in cracking the case, the officers felt that they had nothing to lose.

The Arnhem police contacted Croiset through a professor at the University of Utrecht named Tenhaeff.

On August 5, 1950, Gerard Croiset and Professor Tenhaeff walked into the Arnhem police department to offer their assistance. Croiset agreed when the police asked if he would allow tape-recorders to function during the session.

The officers had been forewarned that they should have some articles of clothing or personal effects of the victim present.

The man claiming to have paragnostic powers went directly to work. He ran his fingers over the clothes which the police had produced and almost immediately began speaking of the sensations which were "coming to him."

"I have an image of a young girl with fair hair hanging down to her shoulders. She is a schoolgirl. I can see her in a seat near the window."

Every eye in the room was focused on the man. His description of the victim had proved startlingly accurate, right down to the view of the street from her school seat.

Croiset then astonished everyone in the room by lying down on the floor. He told those who had gathered that the girl had been found lying down in a wooded area and that a small post or stake had been near her hand.

The police officers, who had originally scoffed at using Croiset, shook their heads in amazement as once again the man's impressions had been true to every detail.

"My breathing is more difficult," Croiset said suddenly. "Was she strangled?" He paused again. "In the immediate vicinity where the girl was found there was a bike belonging to her." He went on to say that he thought the culprit was somehow connected with show business. He stated without equivocation that the man had some connection with an establishment named Heck's Tearoom in Arnhem and that the man did not like tight collars and, further, that he wore some kind of badge when he worked.

"This girl enjoyed going out with boys," he said, returning to the subject herself. "She liked to tease them sexually but, at the last moment, would withdraw. This time, however, she went further than with others."

Before he had proceeded much further Croiset had convinced all of the scoffers of the remarkable accuracy of his impressions. Not only did he give the police complete description of the "culprit," but he also described the emotional difficulties of the young girl and the lack of communication between the girl and her father.

Gerard Croiset is one of the most well-known clairvoyants in the world. Under the guidance of Professor Tenhaeff of the University of Utrecht, this remarkably gifted man has been able to turn his talents to the good of society. He has helped locate missing persons and solve crimes that have occurred thousands of miles away while never leaving his native Holland. Some letters from North America have reached Croiset simply addressed to "Well-known Clairvoyant in Holland," and several from Asia have come to him simply addressed "Croiset, Europe"! The man penetrates both space and time when he uses his strange powers.

In the case mentioned above Croiset and the police officials rode into the country to have a look at the spot where the body had been found. Even though he had never been there before, Croiset was able to locate the exact spot. With Croiset's aid the Arnhem police were able to locate the man who had been with the girl when she died. His description, mannerisms, occupation, and avocations tallied in *nearly every detail* to the information given by Croiset. But the man had not murdered the girl. A more complete autopsy showed that she had died of heart failure.

Though Croiset has aided American police on many occasions, not many authorities have bothered to give him credit. An American was given a pair of slippers by an acquaintance before traveling to Europe and told to see what "that great Croiset" could sense from them. When the man asked to whom the slippers belonged, his friend refused to answer. "Have Croiset tell you," was the only reply he could get.

The American went to Utrecht and presented the slippers to the sensitive, who immediately announced that they had belonged to a very beautiful woman who lived near a big city in America. According to the clairvoyant, the city was located near a body of water and the woman had been murdered by a bushy-haired man. Croiset then proceeded to make sketches of the people he had sensed.

When the American again crossed the ocean to his homeland, he reported to his friend all that Croiset had told him.

"Whose slippers are they, anyway?" he asked.

"Marilyn Sheppard's," was the man's astounding reply.

When later asked about the Sheppard case, Croiset, remembering the red slippers, said immediately that he was sure that Dr. Sam Sheppard was not guilty of his wife's murder and that his story that a bushy-haired intruder had killed his wife was true.

Born on March 10, 1909, to Jewish parents, Gerard Croiset's young life was filled with chaos. His parents were connected with the theater and the little family traveled constantly. At age eight Gerard was placed in a foster home, which made him extremely unhappy. As a result he became a pensive little boy, more happy in his dreams than in real life. As he grew older, he moved from one job to another, never secure anywhere for very long. In 1935 he married a woman to whom he had been engaged for four years. All through his young years Croiset had received forewarnings of the future and insights into the lives of others. During the war, probably because of the tangled emotions around him, Croiset received very confused impressions. Even though the Jew-hunting Gestapo arrested him several times, Croiset had been able to return to Holland each time.

After the war, just by chance, Croiset went to a lecture on parapsychology being given by Professor Tenhaeff. It was here that Croiset learned that he and his paranormal abilities could be of great use to man and science. After the lecture he volunteered his services to the lecturer.

One of the most remarkable tests which the professor has devised for Croiset is called the "chair test." In this test Croiset is given the row and seat number of a particular seat in a lecture hall—often in a hall he has never seen and many times at a place which is miles away. Croiset then describes the person who will sit in the chair at a future date. On one occasion Croiset perfectly described a woman who would attend a meeting for which tickets had not yet been issued. When questioned later, the woman said that she had only decided to come to the hall at the last minute, a friend of hers having been detained from attending the meeting.

During the rebuilding of Rotterdam, after the Nazi devastation, a skeleton was found in one of the houses.

Croiset was given a bone of the remains and received an immediate impression of a German military officer. He reported further that the officer had been hit with something so that his neck had been paralyzed.

"I see a chocolate shop where sweets are being sold," he said to one of the investigating officers. "Is there one in the neighborhood?" At first the police denied the presence of such a shop, but later investigation proved that Croiset had been correct.

"I now see an old part of Rotterdam. Every bit of the surroundings there is bombed," Croiset said. "I now see a warehouse with a green door. The murder was committed at a place other than where the skeleton was found."

Then he paused before going on. "Did the German officer have relations with a Dutch girl? I see a Dutch girl who has been raped by the German officer."

Confirmation of this grisly tale came a few days later, when the police found a witness to the murder. The officer had not been done in by the Dutch underground, as they had originally suspected, but rather by the outraged father of the girl whom he had raped.

Few people in Europe deny the amazing ability of Croiset and most of them welcome the sensitive's attempts to help the world with his paranormal powers. Perhaps with the help of people like Croiset man will be allowed to see himself in a new and more revealing light. Until then Gerard Croiset, Clairvoyant Extraordinary, is happy to be helping others.

The Sailor with Nine Lives

Either John O'Brian was an extremely fortunate fellow or else he was an extremely potent eighteenth-century jinx who caused the destruction of several ships and the death of many sailors while he escaped sea disaster after disaster without serious injury.

In 1747 O'Brian was a lieutenant of a ship that went down off the coast of Spain. He was the only seaman of a crew of two hundred to be saved.

The determined O'Brian was back on the decks of another ship within a few weeks and this time he saw the ship go down near Cape Town. Again, all hands except John O'Brian were lost at sea.

The sympathetic governor of the Cape of Good Hope provided O'Brian with clothing and booked him a passage home aboard a vessel bound for Great Britain.

Just as the ship was about to leave, the captain entered O'Brian's cabin. "Would you mind giving up your quarters to make a little more room for his lordship here?" the captain requested.

O'Brian looked out in the passageway and saw a pompous aristocrat haughtily toying with a silver-headed cane. The sailor felt no great surge of warmth toward his lordship, but his better nature was touched by the sight of the man's wife struggling with their several children and two maidservants.

Mistaking O'Brian's hesitation for a negative response, the captain assured the seaman that there would be another ship leaving for England later that day.

"Of course," O'Brian nodded, "I shall be pleased to move out. 'Tis not pleasant traveling in cramped quarters."

The ship on which O'Brian sailed a few hours later soon drew within sight of the vessel which had left port earlier that day. The two ships kept in sight of each other for hundreds of miles. Then a storm set in. Through violent, wind-

lashed waters O'Brian watched the companion vessel sink into the sea. By the time his ship had reached the disaster scene, there were no survivors.

O'Brian reached England safely and volunteered for service aboard the warship *Dartmouth.* Within a month the British war vessel was engaged in furious combat with the Spanish *Glorioso.* A firey shot found its way to the *Dartmouth's* powder magazine and the British ship exploded at once. O'Brien was shot into the air as if he had been shot out of a cannon. He landed in the sea, grabbed hold of some planking, and discovered that, once again, he was the sole survivor.

Rescued by a British ship, O'Brian was back on duty aboard another warship within a few months. The vessel on which the jinxed seaman was serving was anchored safely in harbor with her sister ship when the accident occurred. It was never determined exactly how it happened—it may have been a spark from a careless sailor's pipe or an act of sabotage—but both ships blew up almost simultaneously.

O'Brian was thrown nearly two hundred feet in the air. When he was pulled aboard a rescue ship, O'Brian apologized for his tattered and singed condition. "I left my own ship in such a hurry that I didn't have time to change clothes," he told the captain.

"Don't be worrying about such a matter," said the captain as he returned the seaman's grim jest. "Be down on your knees thanking heaven that you are alive. Every other seaman aboard both vessels is asleep in Davy Jones's locker!"

It is not known what became of the sailor with nine lives after this dual tragedy, but as Britannia went on to rule the seas, John O'Brian must have been transferred to either the infantry or the cavalry.

The World's Greatest Athlete

To the crowd at the Circus Maximus, the odds were six to five either way whether the criminal standing in the arena before them would survive the day. Whether he did or did not depended on the emperor, and the emperor was known to be a man moved mainly by whim.

Even as the single lion was allowed into the arena and goaded with spears and moveable fences to the thief who would be his lunch, the emperor lounged comfortably in his chair, seemingly unmoved by the pitiful-looking wretch before him.

The starved beast did not charge at once but moved around its prey slowly, cautiously. Then the lion ran for the quivering man, and the crowd, which had become tensely silent, was immediately on its feet, shouting as the bounding beast approached its victim.

At that moment the emperor moved. His white robe did not interfere with his arm motion as he snatched up the javelin at his side and impaled the beast in midair as it began its final lunge.

Cheers rocked the crowded colosseum and the emperor took his bows, while the man he had saved kissed his feet.

Who was this strange monarch who played with the lives of others so carelessly? When all the facts are brought to light, it is difficult not to acknowledge this emperor of ancient Rome as the greatest athlete who ever lived.

Commodus was the son of a philosopher-statesman and a woman who had the reputation for being the tramp of the empire. This bizarre parental combination inclined the boy to be wild in his youth, and while his father wanted him to be schooled to ascend to the throne of the empire, Commodus followed his own interests. By modern American standards Commodus was not an extraordinarily big man, but to ancient Rome his six-foot-190-pound frame was Herculean. Commodus' bulk did not affect his coordination adversely and he was said to have had an uncanny ability to stay on his feet in any situation.

For ten years Commodus was acknowledged as the best boxer in the empire. This may not seem too astounding in the light of modern record holders like Joe Louis or Jack Dempsey, but it must be remembered that boxing matches in ancient Rome always ended with the loser stone dead. Besides being the fastest runner in the empire, Commodus was also the best man with a bow, javelin, and sword. Furthermore, he was an excellent horseman and a champion charioteer.

Commodus was the only emperor who walked the sands of the arena with the gladiators. He bested the trained warriors at their own game and during his long career he killed 735 of these professionals without ever being seriously wounded himself.

Even though Commodus' administration was one of the most corrupt the Roman Empire had ever known, the crowd at the colosseum did not care, for they had a hero to idolize. The mob never knew what special treat the remarkable emperor would devise for them next. On one occasion Commodus ordered a hundred lions to be let into the arena and killed them all with his personal bow. For the wholesale slaughter he used only a hundred arrows, one for each lion.

A great innovator of weapons and tools for the athlete, Commodus once heard that a Goth archer had killed an elephant with only seven arrows. Not to be outdone, he summoned Galen, the official physician, and an elephant, and proceeded to shoot arrows into the hulking creature until the beast lay dead. Commodus then had the physician dissect the beast to find out which of the arrows had done the most damage, and on the following day the emperor pleased the colosseum by killing an elephant with only five arrows. On another occasion Commodus experimented with a crescent-shaped arrowhead, putting it to use by shooting off the heads of running ostriches.

In combat he was at his best. Commodus' favorite ploy was to stack the odds against himself and yet emerge the victor. He would fight as a *secutor,* a heavily armored swordsman, against a *ratarius,* an almost completely naked gladiator, who carried a three-pronged spear and a twine net to ensnare his foes. To the modern reader, it would seem that the armored man would have the advantage, but the Roman connoisseurs of combat knew exactly the opposite was the case. The *ratarius*, nearly naked, was much more agile and nearly always found the more heavily armored man to be an easy prey for the cast of his net and the jab of his spear. But Commodus never lost in this contest. Often he spared his would-be victims, and when he did kill, he did so quickly, the anatomy lessons from Galen telling him exactly where the human body is most vulnerable.

While his athletic prowess grew, Commodus' administrative abilities waned, and though some of his counselors had thought him capable of maturing into a fine emperor, he began to run the empire as he did the games at the Circus Maximus—with an iron hand and a ruthless competitive spirit. Commodus murdered political rivals without reason, antagonizing Rome's most powerful citizens, until even the hero-worshipping plebeians knew that something drastic was bound to happen.

Whether paid to do so or not, Marcia, Commodus' favorite mistress, took the problem to heart and drugged her lover's wine. With the emperor unconscious, the chamberlain and a praetorian guard ordered a wrestler into the imperial quarters to strangle him. Commodus' life ended as violently as he had lived it.

The Buccaneer Who Wore a Bikini

After a long and bloody chase the pirate ship finally overhauled the merchant vessel. The merchantman, fully loaded with goods, its gunnels low to the waves, was no match for the smooth-lined, light-weight ship that sailed under the Jolly Roger. Neither was the merchant ship's crew any match for the cutthroat horde that stormed over the rails, screaming for blood and booty. The swordplay of the few resisting men was soon stifled, as they were piked or slashed with cutlass and tossed overboard. The remainder of the ship's company was lined up on the deck, only to have their anxiety redoubled when they learned they had fallen prey to Edward Teach, the infamous Blackbeard.

His hands bloody with conquest, Blackbeard walked down the quivering row of survivors, most of them on their knees begging for mercy as he passed. Only a young girl remained erect, apparently unconcerned with her fate.

Teach laughed in surprise and strode toward her. "No fear, my lass?" he asked leeringly, laying a bloody hand on her shoulder. "Everyone fears Blackbeard."

In a reaction that surprised everyone on board the ship, the young, black-haired girl gave the pirate a resounding slap across his bewhiskered cheek. Astonished, the pirate fell back.

"Kill her," one of the pirate crew shouted. Immediately the cry was taken up by the rest.

"Silence!" Blackbeard bellowed. No man in the cutthroat crew was foolish enough to open his mouth after that.

"What's your name, lass?" he asked roughly.

"Mary Ann Blythe," she announced loudly enough for everyone to hear.

The pirate then bowed low to her tall, blossoming form, astonishing all of his fellow cutthroats. When he arose he ordered that the girl be brought aboard his ship and given a separate cabin. "And the man among ye who touches her," he shouted, "will feed the sharks tonight."

With that small bit of business taken care of, the pirate crew went back to the work at hand. As part of the crew unloaded the loot, the rest slaughtered the merchant ship's crew to a man.

Although Blackbeard knew that he had captured a very beautiful girl, he had no way of knowing exactly how she would fare under his guidance. Mary Ann Blythe had been born in Ireland and had received an education in a convent school; her young life had been filled with purity, cleanliness, and godliness. But with her capture by Blackbeard Mary Ann soon learned the ways of the pirate. She came to look forward to watching her master prepare for battle. The buccaneer would entwine bright red ribbons in his beard, then don a waist and shoulder sash into which he would jam a total of six pistols. His boots would be filled with knives and dirks of all sorts and another knife would be clenched between his teeth. As a final touch slow-burning gunmatches would be entwined in Blackbeard's whiskers to give him the appearance of a demon straight from hell.

As Mary Ann matured she filled out into a statuesque siren who had learned to curse with the worst of the crew. In addition she had cultivated a taste for cruelty that at times would even make Blackbeard wince. As a reward for her bad conduct, Blackbeard gave Mary Ann a ship for her twentieth birthday.

Less than a week later the deck of a merchant vessel heard the call, "Sail ho," come from masthead.

"Masthead, there," the captain shouted through his speaking trumpet. "What flag is she flying?"

"No flag, sir, but we're heading right for her."

The captain was wary of every strange sail in the waters frequented by the dangerous Florida-based pirates. He called to the masthead to keep track of the sail. Not much later the sail itself could be seen above the horizon, and the lookout began to call to the deck, then stopped, then began again.

"My Gawd, it's women, sir," the astounded man shouted.

"What?" the captain shouted.

"Women," the lookout shouted back, not taking his eye from the glass. "And they've got nearly nothing on."

The captain lost no time in ascending the rat lines, carrying his own glass with him. Fitting his eye to the glass, the officer focused the tube and saw exactly what the lookout had seen—a ship manned by nearly naked women.

"Steer for that vessel!" he shouted to the deck.

Seamen slicked down their hair as they eagerly prepared for what they expected to be the most enjoyable boarding action in history.

But when the ships had closed to within a few feet, the hatches of the mystery ship were sprung, and the real crew of the pirate ship vaulted the rails, taking the panting crew completely by surprise. The merchantmen were not prepared for a fight. Most of them had not even thought to arm themselves. The ship had been captured without a shot's being fired.

Mary Ann Blythe was adding her own techniques to pirating. Her costume for the boarding included knee-high buccaneer boots, which held her weapons, the barest of G-strings, and a semitransparent halter.

When the captured crew had been lined up on deck, Mary Ann would parade before them, much as her mentor, Blackbeard, liked to do. While the captured sailors would gape at her seminude body, she would, in turn, appraise them. If there was one of the crew whom she liked, she would single him out to be bathed and perfumed so that he might serve as a temporary lover. The only other captives she would take were those whom she could hold for ransom. The remainder she turned over to her crew of cutthroats and harlots to do with what they would. She remained steadfast in the true Blackbeard tradition.

The man Mary Ann had chosen for her lover would fare little better than the rest of the captured crew. The length of his life was in direct relation to his prowess as a paramour.

Though her escapades continued vigorously, Mary Ann longed to find a man who could completely dominate her. While she ruthlessly demanded exact obedience from her crew, Mary Ann's secret obsession was for a man to whom she could completely surrender. At last a Spaniard from one of the captured ships was able to win her and together they planned to escape the life of the sea. Fearing the wrath of Blackbeard, the couple secretly boarded a ship headed for Peru. Mary Ann Blythe was never heard from again.

The Psychic Who Solves Crimes

Peter Hurkos is a man with a remarkable gift. He was quite a normal individual until June of 1943 when, while working in his native Holland, an accident befell him. A painter by trade, he had missed a step on a scaffold and fell to the ground. The fall injured his shoulder and fractured his skull, sending him into a coma for three days. After recovering consciousness, Peter Hurkos discovered that the painful accident had left him with a unique talent. He could read the minds of others.

Since the discovery of his extrasensory abilities Hurkos has devoted much time to helping people. Although his psychic powers began as a kind of novelty to him—performing on stage to amuse others with his ability—his paranormal prowess quickly became a key factor in locating missing persons and solving baffling crimes.

Although the police were often reluctant to admit that they had received aid from a psychic, Hurkos' reputation soon became known in police stations all over Europe. One of the first cases Hurkos cracked, according to his biographer V. John Burggraf, was that of the murder of a priest.

In the little town of Borgerhout, near Antwerp in Belgium, townsmen were summoned by the hysterical screams of a seventy-six-year-old lady. They found her tied to a chair in the parish hall of the Borgerhout Catholic Church. It did not take long to locate the cause of her screams, as investigators found the body of the parish priest, Father Vrints, sprawled on the floor where he had been strangled to death.

The lady's name was Joanna Grauwman and she had been employed as a housekeeper for Father Vrints. When the police finally calmed her down, she told them that a pair of men had come to the house and asked the priest for a loan to begin a business. When he refused, they had become angry and had killed him before stealing what they could find. It

had been a well-known fact in the little village that Father Vrints had considerable wealth through an inheritance he had received. Mrs. Grauwman explained that they were suspicious-looking strangers.

Strangers in Borgerhout in 1947 were very rare. It did not take long before the police had located the two men and captured them. Although they admitted stopping to see the good father, they firmly denied that they had killed him or had even attempted to get any money from him.

After discussing the matter, the police decided that the case would not be as simple as it had seemed on the surface. Still, the priest was dead, and the old lady swore that the men the police were holding had committed the crime. When the police led Hurkos to the house of the murdered priest, he began getting images of a new and intriguing aspect of the murder.

"Did you say an old woman was left tied and screaming for help?" he asked the officials who accompanied him.

"Yes," one affirmed. "She even had marks on her neck where one of the killers had nearly strangled her."

"She is not as innocent as you believe," the psychic said suddenly.

Hurkos went on to list some facts that the police, and nearly everyone else in the little town had known, but which they had failed to associate with the crime. The priest had promised to give his not inconsiderable inheritance to the old woman on his passing, but in the weeks shortly before the crime he had been thinking of changing his will. The woman had a son who constantly pestered not only his mother, but the priest himself for money. It had finally become too much for the elderly cleric to bear and he flatly refused to give the younger man any more money.

Rebuffed, Mrs. Grauwman's son had decided that there was still a way to get the money from the priest. He talked his mother into asking the priest to give her a good portion of her inheritance before his death. The son knew that he could get the money from his mother. When the priest refused and told both of them of his plans to change his will, Mrs. Grauwman's son fought him in a fit of rage.

The police were amazed at Hurkos' insight into the affairs of the village and they asked if the psychic could uncover some incriminating evidence. Hurkos told them that though both the old lady and her son had been terrified, they had had the presence of mind to try to cover the crime. The man had tied her to the chair and had even put the marks on her neck that suggested she had been treated roughly. Furthermore, the priest had not actually been killed by strangulation—this had been yet another subterfuge of the pair. Father Vrints had died when he fell during the struggle and struck his head on the stove. The son had wrapped a muffler tightly around the priest's neck, then tossed the garment under a porch nearby when he left.

With this information the police felt that they had enough to go on. Presenting the facts to the old housekeeper, the lady confessed. She never really recovered from the shock and she was later committed to an institution. Her son, however, escaped to South America and has not been apprehended.

Hurkos has given many startling demonstrations of his talent and is very interested in determining the reason why psychic abilities have manifested themselves so strongly in him. To this end he has consented to countless tests in which investigators have given his gift a thorough inspection. The results of one of these tests showed that the chances that the psychic had *guessed* the result correctly would be one in 1,027—one chance in ten followed by twenty-seven zeros that Peter Hurkos was a fraud!

His most spectacular work has been in the area of crime fighting. With his powers attuned to some object involved with the crime, Hurkos has been able to make suggestions, describe the actions of criminals, locate murder weapons, and, in general, discover things which have escaped police detection.

One such case he came on accidentally while he was giving a public performance of his power. As usual in such demonstrations Hurkos would be given articles from people in the audience and then he would proceed to tell the owners intimate facts about themselves. On this particular occasion he was presented with a photograph in a sealed envelope.

Immediately after touching the envelope, Hurkos received the sensation of a man named Cornelis, who died after the picture was taken. He told the donors of the envelope and the picture that even though they thought that the dead man had drowned, the deceased had actually been killed by a blow on the head from a monkey wrench. Members of the dead man's family approached the psychic after his demonstration to ask if he would discuss the case with the police. Hurkos, always eager to help, readily agreed, and not long afterward appeared in the police station with the Cornelis family. The police were skeptical, but after some prodding produced a shoe that had belonged to the dead man. It took no more than a touch of the shoe to tell Hurkos that the killers had fled to Breda, Holland.

Cornelis had been an active member of the Dutch underground during the war and after the victory of the Allies his testimony had sent more than one man to prison for collaborating with the enemy. Two of these imprisoned sympathizers had sought revenge on their accuser. Peter Hurkos was able to detect most of these facts just from touching a shoe that had been dredged up from the bottom of a harbor.

In Breda the trail blew cold, and though the police wanted to be helpful, there was little they could do without the help of the psychic. Hurkos returned to the police station and concentrated on the files of former Nazi sympathizers. He not only picked out the two men who had done the killing but also knew that they were no longer in Breda but had moved on to Antwerp. The police in Antwerp lost no time in setting out to search the city, and at last the authorities captured the murderers. With Peter Hurkos' help the two assassins were brought to trial and later executed for their crime. Just as the psychic had said, they had killed the former resistance fighter with a wrench.

Hurkos has found that the more he exercises his talent, the more powerful it becomes. Though he admits that he is not infallibly correct, his misses are usually not very far off the mark. He came to know and like the United States on two six-month stays in this country to aid in psychical research, and Hurkos, his wife, and his children have made this country their home.

The Countess Was a Vampire

"Get out of here, you clumsy thing!" Countess Elisabeth Bathory shouted at the serving maid, who had made the mistake of spilling a small portion of the wine she had been pouring. To emphasize her displeasure the Countess struck the girl in the face and sent her spinning across the room, leaving a smattering of blood on the Countess' hand.

When Countess Bathory brushed the drops of blood away, it seemed to her that the skin beneath appeared softer, and younger.

Quickly the Countess summoned an old serving maid who had been with her for many years and whom she knew to be very gifted in the black arts.

"Tell me," she commanded the aging witch, "are there potions to preserve youth?"

"Yes, my lady," the woman answered. "There are such potions locked in the secrets of the black rituals."

"Ha," the woman shouted scornfully. "I have found the real secret to eternal youth."

She summoned the guards and had them bring the serving maid whom she had struck. While the burly men held the terrified girl firmly in their grasp, the Countess systematically drew a pan of blood from her veins.

Ignoring the unconscious maid who had slumped to the floor, Elisabeth Bathory began bathing her body with the blood she had stolen. "You see," she exclaimed to the old witch, who had watched the entire proceedings carefully. "My complexion has improved. I have found the secret of remaining eternally youthful. I need never know the ravages of age—all I have to do is bathe in the blood of maidens."

To Elisabeth Bathory the pseudo-discovery had come in the knick of time, for she had reached the age of forty and her mirror had begun to reveal the lines of age encroaching upon her once flawless beauty.

What this beauty's grisly seventeenth-century discovery led to has been unparalleled in history. With a passion for retaining her allure the fiery-eyed Elisabeth Bathory of Hungary set out to keep a regular supply of maidens to bleed for her bath. For eleven terrible years the peasants in the village below the Bathory castle cowered behind the locked doors of their houses after dark and listened to the wailing cries of the young women being snatched up by the terrible black carriage that rumbled through the streets.

Born into a family of jaded aristocrats, Elisabeth Bathory inherited a dark reputation from her family. The name of Bathory had either been that of the wisest rulers, or the most depraved despots. At age fifteen Elisabeth had married into the family of Nadasdy. Another name with a reputation, the young Count Ferencz Nadasdy had a streak of barbaric cruelty and intense sadism running through him.

Together they were a perfectly matched pair. Elisabeth was constantly at Ferencz's side as the jaded young aristocrat dabbled in the satanic arts.

It is likely that Elisabeth would have remained just another depraved aristocrat if her husband had stayed at home to keep her happy. Instead, Ferencz vented his lust for blood by becoming one of Hungary's greatest warriors, often not showing up in the castle for months at a time.

The castle visitors began taking on a strange appearance, as the serving maid-witch summoned her bizarre acquaintances from all over the countryside to amuse her lonely mistress. Many strange and hideous experiments were performed by these disciples of Satan.

After a few years of marriage Elisabeth gave birth to an heir for the Count, and then three other children in rapid succession. Until the age of forty the Countess devoted herself to raising her children, but when Ferencz died Elisabeth once again needed an escape from boredom. Again she came under the influence of the maid and together they paid homage to Satan. Maidens, kidnapped from the village, were brought directly to the pens in the basement where they were fattened, then bled for the Countess' daily bath.

The incredible blood bath could not go on forever. The cry for help went out from the village priest and finally someone heeded his call. A Bathory or not, the rumors about Countess Elisabeth had to be investigated. The raiding party on the castle was led by the prime minister on New Year's Eve, 1610. The man was a cousin of the infamous countess.

Although the men had been warned and had listened to all the rumors, none were prepared for the ghastly sight that lay before them as they crashed through the castle door. The dead and dying bodies of young women were strewn about the floor, some of them horribly mutilated. From the sounds upstairs they knew that a huge, drunken revelry was taking place.

The raiders quietly sealed off the exits from the castle and arrested everyone inside. All of the cult members were quickly put to death, but the Countess, probably because of her influential name, was imprisoned.

Elisabeth Bathory lived for four years after the raid on the castle. Not once did she ever speak a single word to her captors. Even at the age of fifty, when she died, Countess Bathory was a remarkably beautiful woman. It was estimated that over six hundred maidens had been killed in an attempt to preserve that beauty forever.

The Teen-Ager Who Fought Off Eighty Men

A Texas cowboy named Charlie McCarthy was happy drunk in a mud-hut New Mexico town in 1884. His strong sense of loyalty to his home state, coupled with the whiskey that warmed his insides, soon erupted into yells about the Alamo and wild shots from his six-gun.

Charlie McCarthy was one of the Slaughter Ranch cowboys, who often frequented the upper plaza of the village of Frisco, and the villagers knew that if any of the Slaughter men were bothered by a mere New Mexican, an entire army of cowboys from the ranch would descend on the town and leave nothing untouched. So they tolerated Charlie McCarthy.

But on this particular day the shots attracted the attention of a lean, fine-featured youth who happened to be passing through town. This nineteen-year-old Mexican sought out the town officials and asked why they let such a rowdy cowboy run loose on the streets.

"He is a Texan, *senor*," was their reply.

"That is not reason enough to let him shoot up the streets. He could kill someone."

"Who are you to tell us what to do?" the mayor demanded of him.

"I am Elfego Baca," the youth announced, "and I'm the law." With that he removed a badge from his shirt pocket and pinned it on his chest.

"But we don't need the law," the mayor of the little town protested. "These men are just having fun and—" the mayor's speech was interrupted as a bullet whined down the street and the men dived for cover.

Elfego Baca left the cowering crew of New Mexicans and marched down the street. Baca quickly disarmed the reeling Charlie McCarthy and brought the cowboy back to the town officials. "Now you can put him in jail," Baca announced.

But the officials wanted no part of Charlie McCarthy or any other cowboy from the Slaughter Ranch. "You've captured him; you're the law," they told him, "so you can do with him what you like."

"All right," Baca said disgustedly, "but get me a room where I can hold him for the night. Tomorrow I will take him to the county seat for trial."

When the news reached the ears of the foreman of the Slaughter Ranch, a man named Perham, he and a dozen ranch hands were immediately on their horses and heading for town to reclaim Charlie McCarthy for Texas. The Slaughter cowboys were surprised to find that the Mexican youth was not cowering away in some back alley hideout, but was waiting for them in front of the door of his temporary jail.

The cowboys reined in their horses but remained mounted as the steady-eyed youth glanced over them all.

Perham was direct. "You got one of our hands in that building?"

"*Si, senor,*" Baca replied.

"Well, we're gonna take him out. Some of you boys get a ram so we can break in that door."

"No, *senor!*" Elfego Baca shouted. "He is my prisoner. You will not take him from me."

The cowboys ignored the words of Baca until two Colts appeared simultaneously in the young man's hands.

"Better put up them guns," Perham warned.

"You'd better get out of here," Baca threatened. "I'll count to three before I shoot."

"One," Baca announced into the afternoon air. The cowboys' horses, sensing the tension, became skittish.

"Two."

The Texans' hands moved slightly for their holstered sidearms.

"Three!" Baca shouted, and his guns blazed, burning a hole in the knee of one of the cowboys and sending the horses of the others plunging and scattering. Perham simply could not control his mount and he fell to the ground to watch with horror-filled eyes as the horse itself landed on top of him. The life was crushed from his body.

The rest of the cowboys beat a hasty retreat back to the Slaughter Ranch and the village was left in an uproar. The townspeople knew what to expect and they were not surprised as, the next afternoon, cowboys from all of the outlying ranches came to Frisco to see that the upstart young Mexican got what he deserved.

The more level heads realized that there could be real trouble if it once got started. They planned a trial in which both McCarthy and Baca would be tried and released. They got word to Baca and the young Mexican agreed, slipping his prisoner out the back way of the house where he had been quartered and hurrying through the morning light to the makeshift office of the justice of the peace.

McCarthy's trial took exactly five seconds. He was declared guilty and ordered to pay a five-dollar fine for disturbing the peace. Baca was so disgusted that he did not even bother to stay for his own trial, but hurried out of the courtroom as the Texans crowded around McCarthy to learn about his experience in captivity.

Baca knew the temperament of the cowboys. He sought cover in a mud hut, called a *jacal* by the Mexicans, but the town, which was overflowing with idle cowhands, was not big enough to conceal his movements. Soon the word was out that Baca had taken cover and a group of men, led by a cowboy named Hern, strolled boldly to the door of the *jacal* and demanded that the youthful lawman come out and stand trial. Hern leveled a cocked Winchester at the door.

The cowboy's demand was not answered with words, but rather with bullets, as Baca's guns rang out, sending two pieces of lead through the door and into Hern. The rest of the cowboys scattered, leaving a man named French to haul away the dying Hern.

The shooting attracted others and soon the hut was surrounded with eighty gun-firing Texans, who poured a steady stream of lead through the plaster and straw walls of the *jacal*. After this torrent of lead a group of cowboys approached the hut with a white flag and demanded that Elfego Baca surrender. Baca told them that he would join them in hell first and the shooting began again.

Milligan's saloon began doing a big business in cartridges as the Texans continued to methodically knock apart the walls of the hut with .45-caliber slugs. But the *jacal* was built with a floor which was sunk several inches below ground level, and while the bullets whistled over his head, Baca hugged the floor. After an entire day's bombardment he remained unscratched.

About sundown one of the Texans downwind of the shack smelled smoke and several cowboys began to wonder if the little mud hut had caught fire. But shortly after the smell of smoke came the smell of warming coffee and frying meat. Baca was cooking supper!

The young Mexican had begun to take on the status of a superhuman and one of the cowboys had the bright idea that if six-guns could not kill him, then dynamite surely could. Procuring a bundle of dynamite and a length of fuse, the Texans gathered to watch the fireworks as the lethal package was lofted through the air toward the *jacal*. The blast sent everything inside flying, including Elfego Baca, but, miraculously, he tumbled down in the only part of the hut left standing and he remained unhurt.

The cowboy who had thrown the dynamite proclaimed that the kid had been blown to a thousand pieces and the entire group of Texans retired to Milligan's to celebrate.

The next morning the cowboys who moved cautiously up to the shack found it quiet. But when they broke into the open, bullets began whining around their heads. Once again the battle was on. The cowboys, with an unlimited supply of cartridges, kept pouring lead through the shattered dwelling, but like the day before none of them found their mark. The Texans even constructed a suit of armor out of an old stove and drafted one of their number to approach the *jacal* using it as a shield. But Baca's marksmanship found chinks in the armor and he had soon frightened the cowboy away.

Every plan the Texans tried, failed, and they were surprisingly receptive to the offer of a truce forwarded by a deputy sheriff named Rose. Rose was sensitive to the temperament of the villagers and realized that they had taken courage from the one-man stand of Baca's. If the shooting were not stopped, the Texans might have a real war on their hands. The only problem was how to inform Baca.

Rose and a man named Cook agreed to do this with the help of a friend of Baca's from the village. They approached Baca and Elfego agreed to leave the hut. He promised, however, to kill both Rose and Cook if the Texans tried to take him.

With Baca's guns at his back, Rose explained the deal to the Texans and the reluctant cowboys talked it over. Finally Cook pointed out the rifle-toting New Mexicans, who had taken up positions on the hill overlooking the plaza. This turned the tide and the only thing that the Slaughter outfit asked was that they be allowed to accompany Baca to the county seat where he would stand trial. This was agreed upon, but Baca rode in the back of a wagon, and the entire troop of cowboys rode in front of him.

As evidence at Baca's trial the defense entered the door of the *jacal*, which had 367 bullet holes in it. Everything inside the *jacal* had been perforated. Even the broom handle had been hit eight times. Altogether the cowboys had expended over four thousand rounds into the hut and Elfego Baca had emerged unharmed. The youth, who had withstood eighty armed men for thirty hours, was acquitted at both his trials.

Dr. Tony, Manila's Man with the Healing Hands

"You can help me this time," the handsome young Filipino said to his visitors from the United States.

The two men glanced at each other. They had come to see this healer who had so quickly gained a fabled reputation among the poor of Manila, but they had not contemplated taking part in one of his operations.

"Come," he encouraged them, "it will be a simple operation."

Dr. Tony's patient had reclined on the flat, white table and did not seem to be nervous or anxious that he was about to undergo a medical operation without the use of anesthesia or modern surgical instruments.

The Americans waited while the young Filipino prepared for the operation. The elderly man before them had come from the poor classes in Manila. He had complained that he had not been able to breathe through his nose.

Dr. Tony began rubbing the man's nose until it bled. Then, miraculously, the growth appeared and the American businessman grasped it with trembling fingers and pulled it free. The man lying on the table had been completely conscious the entire time and as the young Filipino rubbed his nose again the bleeding stopped.

The old man said something in a mixture of Spanish and Portuguese, which neither of the Americans could follow.

"He thanks you," the younger Filipino said, smiling. "You've let him breathe again."

"Not us," the American from Miami said, looking at his hands. "You did it."

Antonio Agopaoa does not claim any credit for the great gift that he has and although most of his medical visitors come to him with skepticism gleaming in their eyes, they have all

gone away shaking their heads in wonder at the twenty-eight-year-old healer.

Agopaoa's reputation among the poor is so widespread that he is known only as Doctor Tony. He performs all of his operations without surgical equipment and without anesthetic and Dr. Tony claims that he has never lost a patient.

If the young Filipino chose to exploit his talents for monetary gain, he surely could become wealthy in a hurry, but Dr. Tony prefers to use his powers to help the people of the city who cannot afford modern medical assistance. Because Antonio is such a kind and gentle man, he is loved by the poor. Dr. Tony has no fixed rates for his operations—his patients pay as they can, or *if* they can.

One of the first American observers of Dr. Tony went back to his Manila hotel dumbfounded. "In my opinion it was miraculous," he later said. "I tell you frankly, I was emotionally disturbed to the extent that I had difficulty sleeping that night."

Dr. Tony's visitors and patients find him in his clinic, located on the second floor of a small building in Manila. The waiting room is always jammed with people who have come for their turn to pass under the miraculous hands of the healer.

To an appointment-and-schedule conscious American medic, Dr. Tony's office procedures are, at the least, unorthodox. None of his clientele make appointments; they only come to the clinic and wait until the healer himself appears and chooses one of them for his next patient. He performs about one operation an hour.

During one operation Dr. Tony opened the abdomen of an aging woman with the side of his hand, drawing it across the flesh like a scalpel. He pulled out a tumorous mass of tissue, cut it off with a small scissors, put alcohol on the opening, then rubbed his hand over the incision until it closed. The edge of Dr. Tony's hand is said to be as precise as the sharpest scalpel and less blood is spilled than if he used a knife.

Even during operations as critical as the opening of a chest cavity Dr. Tony's patients are always completely conscious. After the operations they simply get up from the small cot they have reclined upon and walk out of the clinic.

On occasion Dr. Tony will perform eye or brain surgery, usually to remove obstructions or tumors, as in the rest of the body.

When asked how he does it, Dr. Tony shakes his head. "It's not anything that I do as a human being. This is supernatural."

Antonio has never had any medical training, yet when a visitor from the United States allowed himself to be examined, Dr. Tony not only found the hernia that had been giving the man trouble, but also told him that he had become too thin to hold the hernia. This diagnosis was exactly the same as the one that the man's doctor back in the states had given him not a month before he had made the trip to the Philippines.

Dr. Tony admits that he has had some trouble with the more conventional doctors in Manila, but these men have not sought to restrict his practice and as yet no real difficulty has arisen. Since Antonio is obviously not attempting to swindle any of his patients, and since all of them have been satisfied with his work, it is difficult to see what kind of objection would carry weight against him.

Every American who has seen Dr. Tony is convinced that his methods and powers ought to be investigated scientifically. But while American medical men are skeptical, the poor people of Manila keep coming to Dr. Tony to place themselves under his miraculous hands and to leave his office miraculously healed. These people no longer need to be convinced that Dr. Tony is a man of great power.

The Spy Who Became a Monster

The couple walking along the back streets of London made a handsome pair, even against the backdrop of the bomb-ravaged buildings of 1941. She was pretty, tall, slim, with graceful black hair that turned up on her shoulders. He was ruggedly handsome, with blond wavy hair, a square-cut chin, and broad, heavy shoulders.

"Why should I?" she asked, her voice ringing with irritation. "Why should I for you, when I won't for anyone else?"

"For love," he responded immediately.

She laughed sarcastically. "For love. You Dutchmen are all alike. I think I'll give up on you and go back to Englishmen."

"No," he said quickly. "Don't you understand? I need you like I need air or water or food."

"Yes, yes, I know," she said easily. "Just like the rest. There was a soldier boy at the pub tonight giving me the eye. I think I'll take up with him. I've had my fill of foreigners."

"No," he said, stepping squarely in front of her and grasping her shoulders in his massive and powerful hands. "I've thought of nothing but you night after night. I won't let you go." He pulled her body to his, but she did not respond.

"Oh, come on," she said sullenly as she pushed away from him.

But he would not let her go. His hands gripped her shoulders with the strength of frustration, pushing her backward toward a shadow-filled alley.

Her screams were lost in the wails of the sirens that warned of an approaching air raid.

Colonel Oreste Pinto was the crack commander of the London side of the Dutch Counterintelligence Mission. He had interviewed many men lately and he had looked with disfavor on the one standing before him. He appeared too big and too strong and too handsome to be much good as a spy. If he ever were to get on the Continent, the Nazis would surely put him in one of their forced-labor gangs.

"What makes you think you can do anything for me?" he asked blandly.

"I'm a Dutchman—Jan Riebeck—that's a Dutch name. I'm a native speaker. I know Utrecht like you know your house and my uncle runs a hotel which has become the headquarters for German military operations in Holland."

Pinto laughed. "Do you think you'd be sent to Utrecht? You'd be recognized and tortured to death by the Gestapo before your parachute settled to the ground. I agree, you'd be valuable there, but you're no good to anyone dead."

"But there are ways to hide a face, to change it beyond recognition with plastic surgery. I would be willing. . . ."

Pinto blanched. Not many men would sacrifice a face. "You're sure?"

Jan Riebeck nodded.

Riebeck began intensive training in a Special Operations Executive, or SOE, camp. The hours and demands on him personally were overwhelming, yet the time could not go by fast enough for him. Pinto kept tabs on him and heard nothing but praise from Riebeck's instructors. Even progressing as fast as allowed, Riebeck's training took months, but finally Colonel Pinto answered the phone to the Dutchman's voice and was informed that he had arrived in London for surgery.

Pinto was not prepared for the shock that came when he greeted the spy after the scalpel had worked over his face. The once handsome and symmetrical features had been replaced by a twisted and misshapen nose and a perpetually leering mouth that hung half open and ugly.

"Isn't it great!" Riebeck said enthusiastically.

Pinto swallowed once, then nodded his agreement. The disguise would surely be effective.

Less than a week later Jan Riebeck's black silk parachute snapped open over the country fields outside of Utrecht. He made his way through the sewers of the town to the hotel of his uncle, and there, after some difficulty, convinced the elderly man that he was indeed the same nephew Jan who had fled Holland before the advancing Nazis.

Almost from the moment he arrived in Utrecht Jan began sending back useful information to the London headquarters. Colonel Pinto beamed with pleasure. Riebeck performed outstandingly for a new man. His reports were precise, accurate, and valuable. Working around the hotel with a jacked-up heel to give him an artificial limp and to keep him off the labor squads, the Dutchman was able to overhear many unguarded remarks about troop concentrations and supply locations that the Nazi brass let slip. The effectiveness of air strikes in Holland increased greatly and Pinto waited impatiently for the next news from the spy in Utrecht.

But trouble came from a quarter that Pinto least expected —the London police. Pinto hid his surprise when an Inspector Jenkins showed him a picture of Riebeck before the surgery that had disfigured his face.

Jenkins explained that the Dutchman was implicated in the murder of a woman. Although Pinto protested that Riebeck must be innocent, his sharp mind quickly detected a motive for Jan's quick entry into intelligence and his easy consent to undergo the mutilating surgery. Inspector Jenkins threatened that he would do everything in his power to have Riebeck recalled, but Pinto knew that his influence was enough to keep the Dutchman at work.

About that time the Luftwaffe began trying a new tactic with delayed fuse bombs which exploded hours or even days after they had been dropped. These new devices would explode if any one tampered with them and the result was rather demoralizing to the London civilians, who had learned to take cover during a raid but found no defense against a bomb which might explode at any time.

Pinto became involved when a flak-wounded bomber carrying the deadly "eggs" was traced to an airport near Utrecht. The problem had become so critical that a special mission was to be sent to Utrecht to capture a sample of the timing device so the bombs could be disarmed before they exploded. The kingpin in the plan was Jan Riebeck.

Riebeck and two agents fresh from England coordinated their approach to the airport with a night attack by RAF fighter bombers. As the ground began shuddering with explosions the agents snipped their way through the fence while the German soldiers ran confusedly between the fires that the bombers had created. By the time the three reached the row of crates which was their objective, the first pass had ended.

The three men worked quickly and methodically down the line of crates until they found the one labeled with the proper serial number. Not heeding the German voices in the distance, Jan Riebeck lifted the heavy crate to his shoulders and started toward the fence. The three agents slipped through the fence and hurried down the road until they came to a two-wheeled cart where Riebeck unloaded his burden and heaped it over with manure. The cart was then driven across the Dutch countryside. The following evening it was met by a light plane that took the English agents and the aromatic box back to London.

Colonel Pinto had big plans for his master spy in Utrecht. With the invasion coming in 1944 he knew that the man's accurate work would be invaluable. But just when he was needed most, Riebeck disappeared. Pinto tried every contact he knew, but no one in the Dutch underground knew the whereabouts of the ugly agent. As 1944 blurred into 1945 Pinto's headquarters moved across the channel with the advancing armies, and at the war's end he found himself reminiscing with men he had only known by radio contact in Holland. It was here, and then only by chance, that he learned what happened to Jan Riebeck.

Several Nazi counterspies had been discovered in the top echelon of the Dutch underground and in the shakeup that followed, one escaped. The order went out to get him, at all costs. The man was described as an ugly fellow with his face pulled out of shape, a twisted nose, and a leering mouth. Unfortunately Jan Riebeck had also fitted that description.

Ironically the face that Riebeck had created to prevent his identification by the London police was responsible for his being executed for another's crime.

Joseph Dunninger, Master Mentalist

Joseph Dunninger, the man who eventually amazed America with his ability to detect the thoughts of others, began to deviate from the commonplace development of his brothers and sisters at a very early age. Although his family was not atypical by any means, Joe Dunninger simply did not fit into any ordinary mold. By the time he had reached age six he had taken his first steps into the quasi-real world of the performing magician.

While his brothers and classmates worked diligently at their studies, Joe practiced card tricks and palming coins. He later said that by the time he was twelve he was reading the minds of his teachers—a great asset when it came to taking tests.

But school life was not for Joe Dunninger and his prowess with coins and cards eventually led him before the glare of the footlights on the vaudeville stage. While yet in his teens he played for sixty-five weeks straight in New York's Eden Musee, drawing large audiences with his well-performed sleight of hand and his well-staged illusions.

After his individual success he attracted other performers and together they constructed an act which did credit to the wild era of the twenties. Billed as "Dunninger, the Master Mind of Mystery and His Company of Temple Dancers from the Far East," his troupe numbered fifty and stormed town after town and stage after stage, building a reputation that would last him through two decades.

Dunninger was no ordinary necromancer. Even in an era when no stunt conceivable was left undone, his were the biggest and the best. An ordinary magician would wave a wand and his charming assistant would vanish. When Dunninger waved his wand, no less than twelve "temple dancers" would disappear. He made his name by simply "out-magicianing" everyone else. If his competitors could saw a girl in half, Dunninger could chop a lovely maid in eight pieces and reproduce her (all pieces put properly together and a smile on her face) with ease.

The road show could not survive long after talking pictures began to corner the entertainment market. Vaudeville companies had begun folding even before the crash in 1929 put a quick end to the slow strangulation that had come with the talkies.

But Joe Dunninger would not be rolled under by these changes. While most of his compatriots bemoaned their fate, Dunninger stayed busy grabbing free publicity, tickling the imaginations of an escape-seeking public. He earned a reputation for spoofing spiritualists and he put up a $10,000 check with *The Scientific American* magazine, which was available to any individual who could summon a spirit which Joe Dunninger could not reproduce by purely physical means.

To the public, Dunninger remained simply a magician. But he had never let his talent for penetrating the minds of others slip from his grasp. In the hard times of the early Thirties he turned to this peculiar ability for publicity.

"Go to the library and pick a book off the shelves," he would say to local officials when he hit a town. "Then turn to a page in the book and pick out a line. Write it down and concentrate on it."

The men he confronted were skeptical, but most of them complied, simply because Dunninger was so well known. Then the mentalist would not only tell them which line they had chosen, but he would also go to the library and find the book and the page where it had been written.

He did not use his mental powers as part of his show but as a great come-on, and the curtain usually opened to a packed house because of them. Then Dan Tuthill, a booking agent, recognized in Dunninger the basis for a great radio show. He used all the salesmanship he could muster to sell a network on the idea. The radio officials worried that Dunninger's show would be too "talky" to suit most radio audiences. But Dunninger came to be a household word and his show challenged the imaginations of millions.

Still a showman, Dunninger would use the live audience in the studio to set the tone for his broadcast, performing card and hat tricks pulled from his vast repertoire. Before the radio show began, Dunninger would pass slips of paper around the audience, asking each individual to write something on the paper which he might perceive from his position on the stage.

"Unless you concentrate on what is written, I cannot read your minds," he would explain as air time drew near.

When the show began, Dunninger would tell little old ladies from New Jersey their own phone numbers or the address of a man's relatives in Arkansas or the name of a girl's sweetheart's deceased third cousin.

The feature of the half hour show was termed the "brainbuster." The network would invite prominent entertainers, businessmen, and socialites to sit as judges while Dunninger displayed his extraordinary abilities. For one brainbuster Dunninger located a back scratcher encased in a tub of concrete which had been buried in the ground. For another Dunninger wrote a line of music which composer Paul Whiteman had on his mind.

How did he do it? That has remained his secret.

"I'm not infallible," Dunninger said once. "I'm right only ninety percent of the time."

Simon Girty, the White Savage

He hit her with his open hand the first time. She kept resisting him, beating at his barrel chest with tiny hands. The second time he closed his fist and struck her on the jaw. She slumped convulsively before the fire, sobbing, "You filthy renegade. You dirty, filthy white savage."

"For the love of God, Girty," croaked a white man who had been spread-eagled on the ground. "Let my daughter go!"

Very slowly, and in terrible agony, the settler was dying. All his fingers had been lopped off at the second joint. His chest and belly and legs were a mass of raw, seared flesh where Mingo braves had branded him with red hot rifle barrels. The man had borne up well under the torture, had not cried out, but he could not endure the sight of his daughter at the mercy of the notorious Simon Girty.

Girty, a tall, brutish man with wild black hair, black eyes, and an even blacker heart, spat a long jet of tobacco juice into the fire. "Now don't you worry none about your little gal, old man. I'm going to take real good care of her. Real good."

A tomahawk wielded by a young Mingo split the settler's skull and ended his agony.

Commingled tears of sorrow and rage streamed down the girl's cheeks. Her tiny hands curled into claws that ripped at Girty's face. Her teeth fastened themselves on the sweaty flesh of his chest and tore out hair and meat.

Girty dabbed at the flow of blood from a gouge dangerously near his eye and turned his back as grinning Mingo braves carried away the courageous white girl.

The brutal torture and killing of the settler and his daughter took place in the Ohio territory in 1782. It was only one of the many bits of terror and atrocity that blackened Simon Girty's bloody career. Forty-one years earlier Simon, the

second of four sons, had been born to Simon and Mary Girty at Chamber's Mill, Pennsylvania. The senior Simon was an unsavory Indian trader, whose major item of barter was firewater.

Girty was only fifteen when his family was killed by the Delawares and he was sold to the Senecas. He was accepted by the Senecas as a blood brother when he ran the gauntlet three times to prove his bravery. Only a very small number of white men survived even one run down the two rows of clubs and knives.

During the years he lived with the Senecas he learned several Indian tongues thoroughly, became expert in the use of tomahawk and scalping knife, and mastered the techniques of ambush and sudden death. He would have been content to live out his life among the Senecas, but General John Forbes conquered Fort Duquesne and forced the Indians to release all white captives.

For the next fifteen years Simon became a guide and interpreter for English and Pennsylvania traders. His reputation as a woodsman grew to tremendous proportions. It did not impress the Continental Congress when the Revolutionary War broke out, however. He was given only a second lieutenant's commission in the Pennsylvania Militia. Men who were his inferiors both in knowledge of Indian warfare and the geographical lay of the territory gave him orders. It was too much for his pride. He left for Detroit to offer his services to General Henry "Hair-Buyer" Hamilton, lieutenant governor of Canada.

Girty's first attack in his career as a renegade destroyed supply keelboats loaded for Fort Duquesne and killed forty-two men. His Mingoes suffered only two dead and three slightly wounded. From that moment on his name became synonymous with craft, cunning, and cruelty, for the few survivors of the massacre reported that he took scalps and tortured just as the Indians did. From the Northwest Territory to Kentucky he became known as the "White Savage."

After several major coups, including the routing of an expedition from Fort Pitt led by Colonel William Crawford (Girty personally tortured the Colonel to death), Girty sat in council with chiefs Cornstack, Red Hawk, and Black Hood of the powerful Six Nations. He was the only white man ever to sit on the Indian councils as one of them. The Six Nations decided to move farther south and extend their campaign of terror and torture. But then, suddenly, the war ended and a period of uneasy peace began.

In 1784 Girty married Catherine Malott, an adopted daughter of the Delawares. She was only half his age, but she was more Indian than white in her moccasins and leather skirt and her body greased liberally with bear fat. She was Simon's kind of woman. At first the white woman in her objected to being beaten with the flat of his sword, but Simon soon completely broke her spirit.

Girty was about forty-three when General Hamilton decided the terms of the peace treaty with the Americans were not to his liking. Simon was only too happy to receive this news. Together with the renegades McKee and Elliot, the White Savage ignited a holocaust of slaughter and torture on the frontier that took many years to extinguish.

One settlement after another was left in smoking ruins with its buildings gutted and smoking, its inhabitants murdered and mutilated. Girty took to burning high-ranking officials alive on logs. White women were abducted by him, kept alive, and made to bear his children. He was proud of the many bastards he fathered. One historian estimates that he sired more than thirty children by seduced Delaware maids alone.

General George Washington put a price on Girty's head of $800, more than he offered the entire Cherokee nation as annuity for leaving North Carolina. Congress appointed General Arthur St. Clair as governor of the Northwest Territory and made him responsible for bringing back Girty's head. St. Clair did find Girty—found him and became Simon Girty's biggest and bloodiest victory.

Late in 1791, with an army of more than three thousand, St. Clair moved into the Ohio. Girty massed his warriors and was joined by Blue Jacket and his Shawnee; Tecumseh with his Senecas; Little Turtle with Wyandots; Captain Brant with his Mohawks—fifteen hundred fighting braves gathered for battle. It was not a battle; it was organized slaughter. Girty and his allies slashed through St. Clair's forces like a hot knife through butter. The next morning the freshly scalped heads looked like pumpkins in the heavy frost. Girty stood by and laughed while one of his young braves decapitated General St. Clair.

But this was Girty's peak. After this victory things rapidly went downhill. In 1793 General "Mad Anthony" Wayne organized the Legion of the United States to clean the renegades out of Ohio.

Wayne's troops were tough, seasoned Indian fighters, not desperate settlers or half-hearted rabble raised for an expedition. In 1794, on the same field where he had massacred St. Clair, Girty's forces were completely defeated and routed. Shortly after that Britain ceded Detroit to the United States and Simon returned to his farm in Canada.

In 1818 he caught pneumonia after an all-night drinking bout, and in spite of the dying curses of thousands of his victims, Simon Girty died peacefully in bed.

Margery of the Spirits

All the men seated around the seance table had seen Margery Crandon's mediumship before. Their skeptical natures had been pushed almost to the point of believing that the acts of the fantastic medium were generated from the spirit world, but, forever scientists, they remained observant as the lights were dimmed and the atmosphere in the room took on the mysterious quality they had come to associate with Margery Crandon. Most noted of the skeptics was Harry Houdini, the greatest magician and escape artist the world has ever known.

Margery was in good form that night in 1924 and the committee investigating her (including Houdini, Malcolm Byrd, secretary of the committee for the *Scientific American*, Dr. L. R. G. Crandon, Margery's husband, Dr. W. D. Chesney, and others) had arranged some tests of her powers. Houdini had brought an electric doorbell into the seance room and asked Margery to ring it for them.

A rushing sound came to the ears of the men sitting around the table, as if a strong wind were blowing through the perfectly still room.

"You here again, Houdini?" boomed a voice which claimed to be that of Margery's deceased brother, Walter.

The question received no reply.

"Mr. Byrd," the voice began again. "Take the bell out of the room and examine it. You'll see what kind of task Houdini has set for me."

Malcolm Byrd hesitated for a minute, then picked up the bell and left the room. He returned shortly after.

"What's the idea of putting pieces of rubber on the contact points of the bell?" he asked the famous magician testily.

Houdini did not reply.

"I think your attempts to prove Margery a fraud have gone

a little too far," Byrd went on. "Dishonesty will do us no service."

Walter's voice boomed into the room again, in a huge roll of laughter, and the bell, which had been replaced on the table, began ringing in interrupted spurts.

"Reproduce that, Mr. Houdini," the baritone voice laughed into the room.

Margery Crandon was one of the most thoroughly investigated mediums of this century. Put in uncomfortable situations, sometimes encased in almost ridiculous contraptions, other times wound in enough adhesive tape to make her look like an Egyptian mummy, Margery again and again materialized spirits and performed feats of psychokinesis that astounded those who had come to disprove her.

After her death Margery's mediumship became the center of a large and still-active controversy—a tribute to the effect she had on those who witnessed her powers.

The group of men who investigated the remarkable lady between 1922 and 1928 were all skeptics before they came in contact with Margery. This skepticism was, in fact, what had drawn them to investigate her, as they hoped to uncover a gigantic fraud. Most of them left Margery convinced that she had control of powers as yet unnamed by science.

Perhaps because of his open and vocal skepticism of spiritualism, Harry Houdini never publicly admitted that Margery Crandon's mediumship was genuine. As his tricks to trip up the medium were methodically uncovered by the all-seeing spirits which were invoked by Margery, his attendance at the sessions in the Crandon's house in Boston became more and more infrequent.

Finally the committee cornered Houdini and asked him to make good his boast that he could reproduce all of the effects that Margery had manifested during her seances. Surrounded by witnesses, Houdini acquiesced and signed a contract in which he promised to reproduce the spirit figures, the fingerprints left in wax, the ringing bells, the ectoplasm, and everything else which Margery had produced for the investigating committee. After the document was signed before many witnesses, an independent voice manifested itself through Margery, claiming that this was what the forces of the spirit world had been waiting for. The spirit voice went on to predict that Houdini would leave town without fulfilling the contract.

Members of the committee later reported that Harry Houdini did leave Boston on some unexplained errand and never returned to the Crandon house and, to their knowledge, never attempted to make good his promise.

Perhaps because she was willing to allow herself to be investigated so thoroughly, Margery Crandon was able to convince more noted individuals of the reality of the spirit world than any other medium of the twentieth century.

Margery produced her feats under every test condition that researchers could devise and she seldom had trouble performing on demand, as so many other psychics seem to have.

The investigating committee from the *Scientific American* was possibly the most inventive group to devise tests for the remarkable lady. For the sake of science, Margery allowed herself to be encased in a wooden compartment, which would allow only her arms and legs to protrude. With her protruding limbs grasped firmly by the investigators, Margery was still able to ring bells, snuff out candles, and rock chairs on the opposite side of the room.

In order to investigate the spirit voices which seemed to come from her, the committee carefully measured an amount of colored water which would easily fill her mouth. While holding the water within her mouth, the voices of Walter and other spirits rang into the room. After the test the water was removed and measured again. The color was the same and the amount had not varied by more than a teaspoon.

The water test was not good enough for some of the investigators, so they devised a balloon which could be placed in Margery's mouth and inflated while a seance was taking place. Once again the voices echoed in the room, even though Margery's larynx was completely blocked off. Some of the voices scoffed at the attempts of the investigators to mute them.

The investigating committee did not always return Margery's goodwill. Even though each of the committee members had signed an affidavit stating that they would not touch the ectoplasm which streamed forth from Margery's body, one of the committee could not resist the temptation when he felt the substance moving over his wrist. He seized it and immediately Margery let out a violent wail. She was sick and hemorrhaging for several days. Another time an investigator brought a powerful flashlight into the room, which was also against the rules set up by the Crandons. When the beam was switched on, Margery once again became very ill.

Yet, in spite of this, Margery retained her goodwill for the persistent researchers and they were able to devise tests to

their utmost satisfaction. Most of the investigators finally admitted in public that Margery had control of forces beyond the knowledge of men.

Even after her time Margery Crandon remains the most famous American medium ever investigated. Her feats and powers left more noted individuals convinced of the reality of the spirit world than anyone else in modern times.

Cartouche, Emperor of Crime

Two men rowed a small boat out over the torch-lighted waters of the Seine. They could have been any of the great number of ferrymen who shipped small goods up and down the famous river near Paris in the early eighteenth century. But they were, in fact, the most notorious criminals Paris had ever known, and their errand was not transporting goods, but planning a raid on a very rich mansion which had attracted their attention.

"You are a good lieutenant, Cartouche," the man near the front of the boat said softly into the clear night. The man speaking knew and controlled every underworld figure in Paris. Red Michelet had been named for his red hair and violent temper, and, perhaps, because of the fiery terror that he and his gang of cutthroats had spread through the byways of Paris.

Cartouche said nothing at the praise from his leader. He was smaller in stature than Michelet, but his eyes were constantly alert and his movements were quick.

"I mean it," Red Michelet reiterated. "You're a natural leader. The men would follow you to the mouth of hell . . . not to mention the women. If I should die, you could take over without hesitation."

"Let us not worry about my good qualities," Cartouche said quickly. "We have a job to do."

"Such a good lieutenant," Michelet said again, laughing softly into the night.

When Michelet turned, Cartouche smiled also. But his smile was not of mirth or satisfaction. Cartouche withdrew a dirk from his belt, moved silently over the bottom of the skiff, and slipped the blade between Michelet's ribs as he cupped a hand over the big man's mouth. Life ebbed from the robber chief's body quickly and with a quick motion of

his arms Cartouche pushed the body over the side of the skiff and into the murky night waters of the Seine.

"You old fool," Cartouche said aloud. His laugh carried softly over the water and disappeared into the Paris night.

If Red Michelet had been a plague on Paris, Cartouche certainly was hell itself descending over the city. Schooled in roughness and villainy since birth, Cartouche had forced his way into Michelet's organization and bided his time until he could dump the leader into the river and take over.

Michelet had been a strong leader, but he did not have the flair for organization and planning that was the forte of the infamous Cartouche. Michelet had been satisfied with a meager army of three hundred cutthroats, thieves, and pickpockets. It took little more than Cartouche's announcement that he had taken over before the ranks of the antisocial rabble had swollen to over two thousand men and three hundred women, all bound to their leader by strong oaths and fear.

The question in Paris became not, "Will Cartouche strike tonight?" but rather, "Where will Cartouche strike tonight?"

Nearly every influential citizen was in his pay or under his threats and as a result Cartouche and his band of men held Paris in ferment. With half of the police force and all of the judges in his pay, he virtually ruled Paris. Advisors next to the King warned that this man Cartouche had the strength and the reputation to rule all of France. But the King had learned of the bandit lord's one weakness and had begun to set in motion the machinery which would take advantage of it.

From his youth Cartouche's head had been turned by the graceful figures of the women who passed around him. His unrestrained lust for women had left the females of the city in a swoon when they heard the tales of his aptitude for love.

After the demise of Michelet Cartouche's men were powerful enough to enter the swankest gatherings of noblemen and plutocrats and not only take everything of monetary value but carry off the women as well. After such a robbery Cartouche's men would have a celebration and the ladies would be "persuaded" to take part in what came to be known as the wildest orgies since ancient Rome. A lady in Paris was at a great social disadvantage if she had not been abducted by the lusty bandit.

Cartouche's crimes were done with a certain *savoir-faire* that kept most of Paris smiling sardonically.

On one occasion Cartouche enlisted the unknowing aid of his most avowed enemy, Charles Rideau, Chief of Patrols in Paris, in committing a crime. Masquerading as an English nobleman and his servants, Cartouche and several of his men entered the swank restaurant where Rideau was taking his supper. Striking up a conversation with the Chief of Patrols, Cartouche steered the talk to that "infamous bandit who was terrorizing all of Paris." It was Rideau's favorite topic and the two men talked at length while Cartouche's men stripped the silver plates from the establishment. In the end the kindly English gentleman was so taken with the stories of the great infamy of the bandit that he offered a reward of a hundred guineas for Cartouche's capture.

The Paris police official helped the Englishman into his carriage. It was not until the officer had returned to his meal that he learned what had transpired. With a gasp of agony he realized the satchel which he had carried for the nobleman had been filled with stolen silverware.

If his lust for women had not more than equaled his lust for power, Cartouche might have ruled France. But through an informer the King's men learned who the bandit's current favorite was and set a trap for him. Cartouche was taken in his sleep, unable to use the six loaded pistols which lay primed and readied but a few feet away.

Cartouche's trial was swift and the sentence was death by torture. Cartouche's army had the power to wrench him free from his captors, but with their leader gone his men could not agree on a plan to recapture him.

Cartouche lived for thirty minutes after every bone in his body save his skull had been broken into fragments. The most fabled criminal of Paris did not die easily. Nor did his memory, for a week later the executioner was found dead on the steps of Notre Dame Cathedral. The knife which had killed him pinned an ominous note to his chest: "Cartouche pays his debts."

The Magician and the Marabouts

From the time that the French claimed Algeria as a territory, the unpredictable and impulsive native population meant trouble to those administrating it. Again and again for obscure, sometimes unstated, reasons the wild tribesman erupted in wild orgies of bloodletting.

In 1856 Algeria had revolted again, this time led by a group of religious fanatics called "Marabouts," who controlled the will of the tribesman by dazzling them with feats of magic. In a wise decision the colonial administration decided to try to beat the Marabouts at their own game and sent for a man named Robert-Houdin, who had been entertaining the courts of Europe and had gained a reputation as the greatest magician in all the continent.

Robert-Houdin was small in stature, but to the Arabs who had seen him perform, his magic was as powerful as any of the Marabouts. He had gained his initial success almost immediately after arriving in Algeria. Disguised as an Arab, he and a native confederate stole into one of the magic-religious ceremonies. His professional eyes quickly saw through the trickery of the Marabouts and he was convinced that he could easily duplicate anything which they had done in the ceremony.

The next day the colonial administration announced that a "French Marabout" would put the native variety to shame. Curious, nearly every Arab around Algiers turned up for the show. Even though Houdin unmasked every Marabout trick which he had witnessed, the Arabs who had gathered to view his performance remained mostly unimpressed. Only when he produced a small box and called on a fiercely anti-French native to assist him did the little magician raise a murmur of curiosity and excitement from the crowd.

"Lift this box," he asked the native. The native, broad through the shoulders with a thick, muscular torso, had no trouble raising the little metal box over his head.

"Now," said Houdin, after taking the box from the man, "I will make you as weak as any of your wives."

He then began a magic ritual, bringing his hands around the box several times, chanting magic incantations before placing the little box on the sand at his feet.

"Now, see if you can lift it," the little magician said confidently.

The Arab bent to the sand, grasped the box with both hands, and pulled. It would not budge. Surprised, he threw his strength into it, his strong back and torso straining against the magic box. But as much as he groaned and strained, the box would not budge.

"By the beard of the prophet," the man exclaimed to those who had gathered, "I cannot lift it from the ground." Then, as if he did not believe what he had said, he tried to lift it again. But when he touched it a howl of pain came from his mouth and his body writhed in agony, as he was unable to release his hold on the little iron box.

The night before, the little magician had buried a strong electromagnet in the sand and when the native bent to it the first time, Houdin threw the switch which held the iron box to the ground with enough force to prevent any man from lifting it. The second time Houdin allowed the current to pulse directly through the box, giving the native the first electric shock of his life. Mercifully the little man released the switch and the dazed Arab straightened up slowly. When he had recovered the full use of his senses, the man fled in fear from the magic box which had caused him such pain.

Robert-Houdin was no stranger to the use of electricity in his magician's act. His first and greatest ambition in life was to be an inventor, though the things which he contrived were not well received by the public. He had, in fact, designed a crude model of the telephone almost fifty years before Alexander Graham Bell perfected the idea, but the world was simply not ready for Houdin's invention.

Discouraged, Houdin went on to construct automated toys and clocks, using his basic knowledge of electricity to great advantage. But the little man could not be satisfied with this profession and when he accidentally came across a book of magic, Houdin quickly mastered every trick between its covers and began impressing his friends with his dexterity with a deck of cards.

While still a very young man Houdin fell in with a traveling mountebank named Torrini. This man impressed upon Houdin the difference between an exhibitionist and a showman. Torrini also taught Houdin the trick which was destined to make him famous.

Torrini had Houdin mark a bullet with a scratch mark, then he apparently loaded a pistol with it and had Houdin fire at him from point blank range. To young Houdin's surprise, the bullet appeared between Torrini's teeth, easily identifiable by the scratch mark which had been etched into it. The older magician had switched bullets, substituting a metallic ball which shattered on contact with anything solid and had palmed the original marked bullet into his mouth.

After leaving Torrini, Houdin, always restless and impatient, moved around France. Houdin taught himself to be a good showman, using all his mechanical ingenuity to construct tricks which are still used to this day. Among magicians Houdin is known as the father of modern magic, so profound an effect did he have on the profession.

The natives had responded beautifully to Houdin's first show around Algiers, but the core of the rebellion, forever moving across the desert sands, had not been present to become impressed by the demonstration.

Houdin resolved that he would seek out the most powerful of the Marabouts and discredit them with superior feats of magic. To this end he began a trek across the desert, traveling without a military escort, putting on shows wherever enough Arabs would gather. For several weeks Houdin moved over the sands, finding only a few Arabs to dazzle with his magical brilliance. Then, through an informant, Houdin learned where the main force of the rebellion had gathered. Traveling to the obscure desert oasis, Houdin was greeted by a Marabout who waved a pistol in his face.

"You will die tonight," was the Marabout's promise.

The little magician seemed unperturbed. But the entire Arab camp had come under the power of this man and Houdin knew that he had little chance to escape alive.

Forever a showman, Houdin did not let his confidence slide. When he was threatened with the pistol again, he told the Marabout to remove the bullet then to give him the pistol. Morbidly curious, the man complied, watching carefully as Houdin began going through a magic ritual, waving his hands over the pistol.

"Now put a mark on the bullet and shoot me if you must," he commanded the Arab magician. Once again the Marabout complied, claiming the pistol immediately after the little Frenchman had dropped the bullet down the barrel.

"Now you will die," the Marabout repeated his promise. He pointed the gun at Houdin and discharged it at point blank range.

Blood spurted from the magician's chest, and Houdin staggered, nearly falling. Then, miraculously, Houdin regained his balance and spat the marked bullet from his mouth, so that it landed at the feet of one of the most important sheiks. The desert chief picked up the ball and found the mark which the Marabout had scratched into the side.

"This is *real* magic," the sheik told the Marabout contemptuously.

With the Marabouts discredited, the rebellion in Algeria fell apart. Houdin had received the recognition he craved by doing his former master, Torrini, one better. Houdin had loaded the hollow metallic cartridge with blood so it would splatter when it hit his chest. To the Arabs, the "French Marabout" had powers which exceeded any of their own.

The Scientist and His Pet Ghost

"But, Sir William, you surely can't believe that you have talked with a ghost," protested a colleague of the brilliant English physicist, Sir William Crookes.

"My dear fellow," Sir William answered quickly, "not only have I talked with a ghost, I have walked with a ghost, and I have taken more than forty flashlight photographs of the charming specter."

Sir William's fellow scientist shook his head in disbelief. "And what does your ghost look like?"

"Katie is a perfect beauty," Sir William told the skeptical one. "She has a brilliant purity of complexion that photography could not hope to capture."

When a man of stature such as Sir William Crookes announced that he had judged medium Florence Cook's materializations of the spirit Katie King to be genuine, it was bound to spark a violent controversy. Whether or not the "perfect beauty" with whom Sir William chatted and strolled about the seance room was a ghost or a hoax is a question which is still being debated today.

Florence Cook, the medium through whom Katie King materialized, first met the spirit in seances which she attended as a child. When she was fifteen Florence found that she was capable of materializing Katie in her own home. After the spirit's first visit in April, 1872, when she was only a deathlike face between the gauze curtains of a seance cabinet, Katie began to appear almost daily. The ghost's control became more and more perfect until she could at last step out of the cabinet and show herself in full body to those assembled for young Florence's seances.

It was said that the spirit became almost like a full-time boarder at the Cook household. When Florence married, her husband complained that it was like being wed to two women. Katie had begun to materialize at unexpected moments and some nights she even went to bed with the medium and her long-suffering spouse.

Katie's story was that she had been a girl of twelve when she stood in the crowd that had watched King Charles I of England lose his head at the chopping block. She had been married while very young, but she was much more the violent rather than the domestic sort. She readily confessed that she had "done in" several people with her own hands. Katie herself had, according to the ghost, died at a youthful twenty-three.

Many people were thoroughly convinced of the validity of Katie King's existence by the testimony of the highly respected Sir William Crookes. Others whispered scandal and made much of the many hours which the physicist spent alone with Florence Cook and her alleged spirit friend. Whether or not the investigation of Sir William Crookes proves survival after death remains a topic of fiery controversy to this day.

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